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NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

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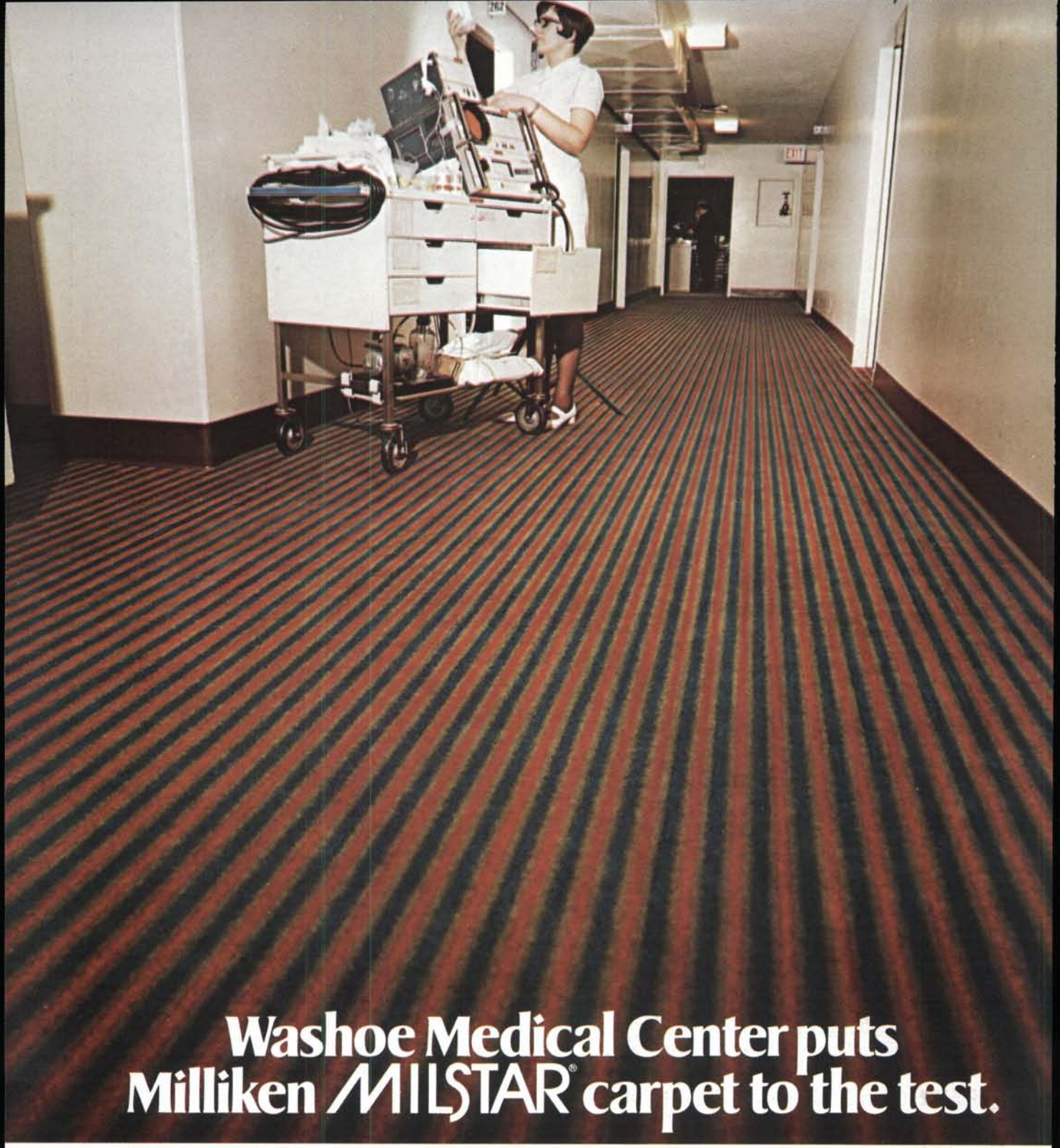

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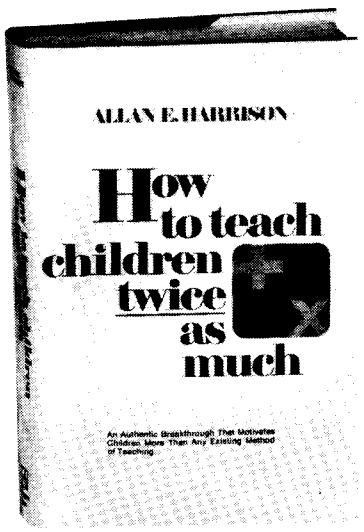
ALLAN E. HARRISON
How to teach children twice as much
An Authentic Breakthrough That Motivates Children More Than Any Existing Method of Teaching

Believe it or not, this new teaching method really works. Can you imagine students so enthusiastic they want to go to school even when sick? Or youngsters suddenly developing academic skills at double or triple the rate of the previous year? These are just some of the startling results of this new "capitalism in the classroom."

Allan Harrison was frustrated. The old methods weren't working. So he innovated. He replaced "classroom socialism" with a system of rewards, punishments and other motivations patterned after the world outside the classroom. The result—an education method so exciting you'll want to finish his book in one sitting.

But does the competitiveness of his system harm the students? Harrison answers: "Most doctors agree that competition can be either good or bad depending on the emotional control exercised. Using the methods I devised, it becomes a simple matter to allow students to operate in such a way that the common sense rules of 'do unto others as you would have them do unto you' and 'it is better to give than to receive' become a natural part of daily living. Bright students become both leaders and followers, thereby promoting a type of social harmony and understanding that is almost impossible to achieve in the conventional schoolroom."

Harrison also tells about the hidebound school administrators and teachers who fought his reforms—whether out of ignorance, ideological superstition, laziness or simple fear of change. At one point he was given a class of 55 sixth-grade rejects, now automatically promoted to the seventh grade. With the Harrison System, those rejects *doubled* their previous achievement average—despite the fact that their class was twice the normal size!

Harrison's innovations can change the face of American education. They are welcome news for parents and taxpayers fed up with rocketing education costs and wretched results. And they offer a lifeline for students who are bored sick.

THIS SYSTEM WORKS! SEE WHAT PARENTS AND PUPILS SAY:*

MRS. DOROTHY PARSLEY: "Debbie has changed completely. She has a lot more friends and doesn't like to miss school." DEBBIE says: "When you cheat in this system, you cheat friends, while last year if you cheated, nobody cared."

MR. & MRS. WILLIAM KENNEDY, Negro parents: "Last year he gave up and wouldn't try. We think this system is the greatest thing that has come along in education in the last twenty years."

MR. & MRS. JACK MORRISON: "Pam used to be a selfish person. But not anymore. She has learned to accept people for what they are and not for what they can do."

MRS. JANET KELLEY: "We have long wished for a way to motivate Mike." MIKE'S reply: "It's kind of like real life. The system has helped me to realize that you have to work hard and finish your work if you want to enjoy things you like. This system allows you to move twice as fast as any other class."

MR. & MRS. JOE B. CAPPS: "It's the best system we've ever seen. Bobby used to get sick in class from nervousness; now we don't have that problem anymore."

MR. & MRS. L. M. SAGER: "Debbie has a lot more interest in school this year." DEBBIE says: "Last year there used to be a big long line at the teacher's desk. Now you raise your hand and get help right away."

MRS. JAMES SALAS, a Spanish-speaking parent: "Joe used to say that his school work was too hard and he couldn't do it. But since he has been in this class he never says it and won't go out to play until he is finished."

MRS. JANETTE STANDRING: "The system helps out here at home as well as at school. Yolonda has to be self-reliant since I work to support the family."

But 11-year-old CHARLIE SEASTRUNK sums up the system best: "I don't know why I like the system. It's just fun! I like to work and earn things."

*From a survey of every pupil and parent in just one sixth grade classroom of California's Moreno Valley School District.

More proof—from educators and administrators at all levels:

"Students are given the opportunity to develop at double their previous rate. The classroom gives the student a realistic view of life and allows him to practice it."—**Robert Harr, School Board Member, Santa Ana Unified School District**

"The first day that I used the Harrison System was the quietest day in two years that I had had these pupils. Quiet, not because they had been subdued, but because they were enthused. Enthused, because they had an immediate and clear objective. The Harrison System is the most exciting technique that I have seen in 13 years of teaching."—**Mrs. Mavis Campbell, Sixth Grade Teacher**

"His technique motivates students in a phenomenal way to be diligent workers during every minute of the school day."—**Robert Peterson, Ed.D., Superintendent, Orange County Department of Education**

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- Classroom "money"—teaching students the value of thrift, hard work, saving
- Creating new student offices—not only a President and Secretary but also a class Banker
- How the teacher can avoid unnecessary (but time-consuming) classroom chores by creating academic companies—the Pencil Company, Textbook Company, Bathroom Company, and others even more ingenious
- Motivating students with homework assignments and extracurricular field trips
- What happens to "bankrupts"
- Disciplinary problems. Setting up a Travelers Check Company to foil student thieves
- Allowing children to "sue" each other. "Settling out of court"
- Student tutoring positions—so popular it becomes necessary to auction off the positions
- Combating youthful selfishness and greed
- Very different reactions: parents compared with teachers
- A classroom "Public Enemy" list
- How the Information Company bails out students who don't listen in class—for a price
- What happened when Mr. Harrison was sick and couldn't teach. Reactions of the unwarned (and very surprised) substitute teacher
- Fighting student prejudice — successfully. Negro troublemaker becomes model student tutor. Once-biased white students plead for his services
- Class Banker becomes miserly tyrant—but gets his comeuppance
- What happens when student companies lose money
- The Stocks and Bonds Company. Fighting with Dad for the financial page of the newspaper — when you're still in sixth grade
- Setting up a Finance Company for loans. Collateral. A savings program
- Dramatic lesson in socialism! Communists take over the classroom
- Developing emotional and social maturity in the children. Teaching them to control their anger, avoid materialism
- Smaller classes—are they really a virtue?
- Who gets credit for the success of this system, the teacher or the system?
- The goals: **self**-motivation, **self**-discipline, **self**-reliance

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Letters

Unemployment Is Beautiful

Clayton Thomas' article "The Welfare Dollar Goes 'Round and 'Round" [Jan. 18] was a sober way to begin the new year. Enough to drive a man back to the academy—a man, that is, who hadn't read Maurice Hungiville's "Brightness Is Beautiful" in the same issue, a satire that was *just* too close to the truth to be riotously funny.

Mr. Thomas' suggestion that welfare be federalized is the result of a bad Supreme Court decision declaring residency requirements unconstitutional. If all payments are equal, then people in, say, Mississippi will receive more, in terms of what it actually costs to live, than people in New York, encouraging people to move to that state, whereupon taxpayers there will advocate that welfare payments there be lowered to reflect the cost of living there rather than elsewhere; i.e., the kind of thing that could be better done under "home rule," which —we're back at the beginning now—the Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional.

Rye, N.Y. GERALD RUBINE

A Heath Christmas

I am delighted that *NR* is continuing to reprint Aloïse Heath's Christmas pieces. "The True Sprit of Christmas" [Jan. 4] has always been one of my favorites too (although it would be hard to choose among it and "A Heath Christmas Carol Program" and "It Says Here . . ."), and it remains as fresh as when it was first written.

For myself, I could, I suppose, go up to the attic and dig out my old copies of Mrs. Heath's articles every Christmas. But you must have thousands of new readers each year, who could not dig them out of the attic even if they were not as lazy as I.

Altadena, Calif. HARRIET GRESHAM

10 + 1 − 1 = 16

One facet of "Mr. Nixon's Energy Saving Plan" ["On the Right," Dec. 21] that Wm. F. Buckley Jr. did not touch on was the then proposed, now instituted, Daylight "Saving" Time.

Daylight Saving in summer has, for years, been accepted by the public as a neat plan by which they have hours of daylight left after arriving home from work, without the inconvenience of stores' and offices' having separate summer and winter schedules. But in winter how can moving the clocks ahead do any good at all, let alone help save energy?

In Chicago in January, there are approximately ten hours of light a day. Most people are awake 14 to 18 hours a day. Working people like me, who used to get up in daylight, now get up in pitch blackness (and, incidentally, need more electric light in the morning than they used to). In return, we now leave work just at dusk. The government says that this makes for less use of heating and light by business. I doubt it: how many offices, let alone manufacturing plants, have enough windows that they can do without electric light in the daytime? And since the outside temperature does not usually drop drastically between 4:30 and 5:30 P.M., to let workers out an hour earlier will not mean appreciably less use of heat.

If Daylight "Saving" saves nothing, causes inconvenience to anyone who has to get to work every morning, and causes more than inconvenience to the small children who now have to walk to school in the dark—several of whom have already been injured—what, please, is the point?

Chicago, Ill. JULIE WILCOX

Watergate Referendum?

In the wake of all the press commentary on the New Jersey gubernatorial election, I think your editorial, "Election Day" [Nov. 23], needs a bit more elaboration.

First, the liberal wing of the New Jersey GOP gave Mr. Sandman considerably less than unqualified support. Senator Clifford Case and incumbent Governor William Cahill more or less dissociated themselves from the Sandman candidacy. Let the Democrats win this time, the Ripon types seemed to be saying, and maybe those rightwing nuts will see things our way next time.

Second, Mr. Byrne spent substantially more money during the campaign than Mr. Sandman did. In particular, labor organizations filled the Byrne war chest to overflowing. This enabled Mr. Byrne to buy the TV time spots he needed to overcome his initially low recognition factor.

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Third, Mr. Byrne was, politically, an unknown quantity, which made it easy for him to gravitate toward the Sandman positions. If Charlie Sandman has any one major plank in the platform of any campaign he enters, it's his position on a state income tax. He has always opposed such a tax, vehemently, frequently, and irrevocably. When Mr. Byrne first began to campaign, he was, somewhat querulously, saying such a tax might be necessary. This obviously struck a discordant note with the electorate, so Mr. Byrne proceeded first to vacillate, and subsequently to come out against the tax. Because he had the wherewithal to publicize thoroughly his third and one hopes final position on the matter, he was able to do this without making too much of an ass of himself.

Thus, in more favorable times, and with more money, Mr. Sandman might have been able to pull off an upset. His failure to do the unexpected, however, would have been remarkable at no time, Watergate or no Watergate.

Maybe the 1973 New Jersey gubernatorial campaign wasn't politics as usual, but it wasn't strictly a regional referendum on Watergate either.

Philadelphia, Pa. T. LAURENCE BERRY

Right to Work

Martha Hesson's letter ["Letters," Nov. 9] requires an answer. There can be little doubt that Russell Kirk's observations on efforts by the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) to take over and control the direction of education through compulsory unionism point out a clear and present danger.

However, Miss Hesson, if she desires to challenge the NEA, OEA, etc., would not be defenseless. The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, 1990 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., was established in 1968 to provide legal aid to citizens victimized by compulsory unionization. At present, the Foundation is working on more than 50 cases in the U.S., including one on behalf of William F. Buckley Jr. and M. Stanton Evans.

Washington, D.C. BENJAMIN H. CALVIN

The Insoluble Commentator

George Will says [Jan. 4]: "Much aqua regia has washed over the Washington dam since then, and over those who live in its shadow, leaving us feeling bedraggled, but reflective."

Aqua regia is three parts concentrated hydrochloric acid and one part nitric acid. It is so named because it will dissolve gold, the royal metal that resists all other solvents. Aqua regia would liquefy flesh, bones, and tooth fillings; leaving most of us nonexistent rather than "bedraggled, but reflective." A tough man, George.

Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES

Israel

Why does *NR*'s good sense so often fly out the window when Israel is at issue? Change the locale, and the optimistic "A Small Bloom in the Desert" [Dec. 21] becomes the typical mushy-head's sermon on any cold war confrontation of the past 20 years.

How encouraging, we are told, that both sides are now talking and negotiating! How promising that one side (our side, of course) is receding from previous obdurate positions. And after all, our friends are not lily-white. We already knew about Thieu's tiger cages; now *NR* informs us that those naughty Israelis cheated on the October 22 ceasefire. (Perhaps they *were* a bit irritated when the Soviet-equipped armies poured across the pre-Yom Kippur ceasefire lines, but two wrongs don't make a right.) All we need do now is make the hardliners on our side give up their unfairly won bargaining advantages (i.e., free the trapped enemy army for a new assault) and peace is at hand!

It may indeed be politic, given the existing constellation of forces, to retreat—from Sinai, from Vietnam, or from West Berlin. But our surrenders of positions of strength are not hopeful blooms. They may be unavoidable, but each marks a step down a disastrous road.

Los Angeles, Calif. J. HIRSHLEIFER

The interests of the United States are not served by our support of Israel; in fact, they are being positively harmed to a great extent in both the Arab world and elsewhere—these are palpable facts. President Washington in his Farewell Address specifically warned about subjecting our Republic to the domination of foreign interests, and the present oil shutoffs are clear vindications of his words.

In addition, we think it unreasonable for our policy to be decided by a minority of approximately 3 per cent of our population regardless of their honesty and fervor. This country must not be allowed to come to a standstill to serve the purposes, however well intentioned, of less than a majority of our citizens.

Gas rationing, speed limit reductions, and airline flight diminutions are patently gross and unnecessary contortions for the United States to undergo for the sake of a policy which has absolutely no benefit for us and is actually seriously injurious.

Denver, Colo. W. J. "BUB" GUILLAUME

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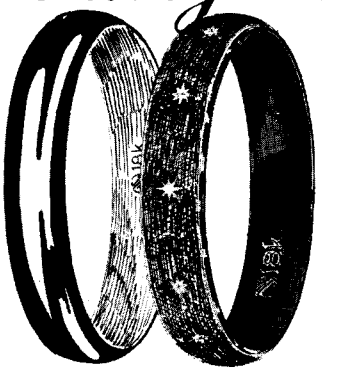

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . *NR* associate **M. J. Sobran Jr.** takes a revealing look, as they say at *Playboy*, at *Playboy*. He laments that the distinction between Socrates and Hugh Hefner, like many other distinctions, is lost on Hefner—and worse, on Hefner's following. In future issues Mr. Sobran will cast his eye on other magazines, with special attention to the principles, implicit or explicit, that govern their rhetoric. His agenda includes *Ms.*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, and *New York*. Incidentally, and confessionwise, we toyed, for a brief, fleeting moment in journalistic history, with the idea of making visually a point Mr. Sobran makes verbally, by putting on the cover, sandwiched between volumes of the Great Books, the OED, the Cambridge History, and Shakespeare, a full-color, fully developed female nude human. But decided against it for a number of reasons, not the least of which was that we feared the cover might distract from the points Mr. Sobran makes, far better, in his full-dress treatment. . . . **Anthony Dolan** has worked in a number of political campaigns and takes part credit for defeating Massachusetts' own John Kerry. Mr. Dolan once infiltrated OEO, and is now a newspaper reporter in the New York City area. His report here is timely: complementing Clayton Thomas' article in the last issue of *NR* and coinciding, approximately, with President Nixon's State of the Union address which will deal extensively with welfare. . . . Mr. **Mano** writes a review of a most unusual play which has a most unusual ending unusual ending unusual ending . . . —DO

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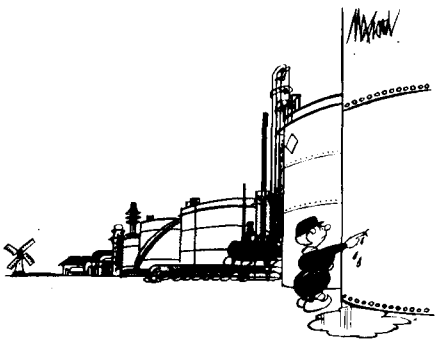
FOR THE RECORD

■ As of January 12, the House Judiciary Committee had received nearly a quarter of a million telegrams and letters, 92 per cent of them calling for **Richard Nixon**'s impeachment, according to Helen Starr, Congressman **Peter Rodino**'s press secretary. . . . Rodino, chairman of the Committee, now says he thinks the Committee will report on an impeachment resolution by mid-April. . . . Washington pretty much stunned by experts' testimony of five separate erasures on the **Rose Mary Woods** tape. New House Minority Leader **John Rhodes** (elected to succeed **Ford**) has refused to say whether he will or will not vote for the impeachment resolution: "I'm going to listen to the evidence. I don't believe in making decisions before the evidence is in." . . . Sen. **Daniel Inouye**, Democrat, of the Ervin Committee, told newsmen the erasure revelations "saddened [him] because I was hoping that the report would have shown this was the result of some legitimate action." Sen. **Lowell Weicker** wished the President would stop "giving the leastest information at the latest date." . . . While **Chesterfield Smith**, president of the **ABA**, was saying he had become "reluctantly convinced" that President Nixon should be impeached, the **NAACP** was taking a more moderate course. The NAACP Council, meeting in New York last week, criticized Nixon but said the Association would continue "to presume that he is innocent until a contrary finding had been made." . . . The **IRS employee** who leaked info on the President's tax return to the *Providence Journal-Bulletin* last October has quit—before being fired. . . . And the latest odds (before the erasure news) quoted by **Ladbroke's**, England's major betting agency, were 3 to 2 that Nixon would serve out his full term.

■ Gerald Ford's star rising: political analyst **Richard Scammon** says Ford is now the Republican front runner and predicts he will run a "closer and perhaps winning race against any Democrat in 1976." Scammon says, as of now, "**Rocky** and **Reagan** don't have a chance." . . . **Joseph Alsop** believes Sen. **Henry Jackson** is the front runner among the Democrats, and points to recent Gallup and Harris polls which show Jackson running better against Vice President Ford than any other



Punch Rothco

Democrat, even **Ted Kennedy**. . . . Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** of Texas, whose name keeps cropping up in the early line, won't decide on a presidential bid until the end of 1974 because "I don't have the national recognition of some of these other fellas." . . . Republican Sen. **Richard Schweiker**, up for reelection in November, has received the endorsement of the Pennsylvania AFL-CIO because of his "100 per cent pro-labor voting record." (Schweiker got a 75 in the latest ADA listing.) . . . In Illinois, Tennessee Williams' brother **Dakin Williams** has announced against Sen. **Adlai Stevenson III** in the March Democratic primary. Williams will campaign against liberal abortion laws, against gun control legislation, against the busing of schoolchildren, all of which Stevenson favors. . . . State Senator **C. R. Lewis** of Anchorage, a national officer of the **John Birch Society**, will seek the Republican senatorial candidacy in Alaska; hopes to run against Sen. **Mike Gravel**. . . . **Charles Stenvig**, the former Minneapolis policeman who lost his third mayoral reelection bid in November, has rejoined the force and been assigned to the theft and forgery division.

■ On matters economic: Sen. **William Proxmire** (D., Wis.), noting that the federal budget has tripled in the 17 years he has been in office, has initiated legislation that would require the Government Accounting Office to append an estimate of first-year cost and a five-year projection of costs to the front page of every bill being considered in Congress. . . . In that connection, be it noted that the federal **Food Stamp program**, which cost $150 million five years ago, will cost $2.8 billion in the current fiscal year, is expected to cost between $6 and $8 billion in 1976. . . . Sen. **James Buckley** (C.-R., N.Y.) introduced legislation this week to abolish wage and price controls. . . . Rep. **Les Aspin** (D., Wis.), a perennial pain in the neck when it comes to military appropriations, has joined conservative Republican **Ben Blackburn** (Ga.) in opposing a proposed Export-Import bank credit to the USSR to help develop Siberian natural gas fields. "If a federal agency is going to invest billions of dollars to develop new energy sources," he says, "the United States is where federal monies should be invested."

■ And a few more joyous news notes: Uganda's President **Idi Amin** has started a "Save Britain Fund" and contributed nearly $1,500 of his own money. . . . Lord **Jellicoe** (remember him? He resigned from the **Heath** government in last summer's sex scandal) has been named to head a committee looking into prison reform. . . . **Sweden**, which practically invented the porn-flick, is demanding that a sequence be cut from *Tom Sawyer*—the shot when Injun Joe throws a knife at Tom—because Sweden is antiviolence.

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20 ways t
on you

1 Avoid paying extra installation charges when you order new phone service. Have all the work done at one time. Changing your mind later will mean extra visits and extra charges. So consider carefully all the different colors and styles, how many phones you want and exactly where you want them installed.

2 Ask one of our business office Service Representatives to explain the different types of service offered by your local Bell Company. Choose the one which best fits your pattern of calling. If you don't do a lot of calling each month, ask if "budget" or "limited" service is available in your area at a lower rate.

3 Ask the Service Representative for a rundown on the specific rates and charges you can expect. Find out exactly what the regular monthly charges will be, and what the one-time-only payments are. Find out whether there are options in your area of paying on a monthly basis, or making a single one-time only payment, on certain items.

4 Are you going to be away from home for any extended period of time? A business office Service Representative can tell you, based on how long you plan to be away, whether you could save money by temporarily suspending your telephone service.

5 Moving to a new residence? Ask a Service Representative whether you are eligible for a credit on your bill if you take your present phones along with you to your new location.

6 If you've never had a phone in your name before, or have never established credit, you may be asked to pay a deposit when you order telephone service. But we don't like to keep deposits for long periods of time. In fact, if you establish good credit with us by paying on time, we'll return your deposit to you PLUS interest. Ask a Service Representative to explain the details which apply in your area.

7 If a coin phone swallows your money but doesn't give you your call, you're entitled to a refund. Find a phone that works, dial "Operator" and explain what happened. You'll get a refund in the mail. P.S. We'd appreciate it if you'd also tell the operator the telephone number and location of the phone that's out of order so we can get it fixed as soon as possible.

8 Reach a wrong number on a Long Distance call you just dialed? Don't just hang up. Ask for the area code and the number you reached in error. Then dial "Operator" and report what happened. The operator will have the charge removed.

9 Get a poor connection on a Long Distance call, or get cut off in the middle of your conversation? Don't just hang up and call back. The person who placed the call should report what happened to an operator. The operator will issue a credit for the time your call was interrupted.

10 Error on your bill, with a charge for a Long Distance call you didn't make? Call the business office. A Service Representative will arrange to get the charge removed.

11 Save on Long Distance charges by cutting down on person-to-person calls. It's true you may not be able to reach the person you want on your first try with a station-to-station call. But in many instances you can make two (or even three) out-of-state station-to-station calls for what it would cost you to make that one person-to-person call. This is particularly true if you dial your own calls instead of going through an operator.

12 Dialing your own out-of-state Long Distance calls is the least expensive way of all. If you don't know the number for a call you want to make to a distant city, you can obtain it at no charge to you by dialing the area code (when required) for that city, plus 555-1212, for Directory Assistance. Then dial direct and save. Save time

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save money phone bill.

in the future by recording the number in your personal number book. A listing of all area codes can be found in the information pages at the front of your local telephone directory.

13 Make sure you know when dial-direct rates apply before you make your call. They apply on all out-of-state calls to anywhere in the United States (excluding Alaska) if they are completed from a residence or business phone without an operator's assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone when direct dialing facilities are not yet available.

14 But it's even more important to know the circumstances when direct-dial rates do NOT apply. They do not apply on person-to-person, hotel-guest, credit card or collect calls, or on calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. Direct-dial rates do not apply on calls made from coin phones, even those from which you dial the complete number yourself before the operator comes on.

15 While operator-handled calls cost you more than those you dial yourself, there is one exception. If you run into equipment trouble completing a Long Distance call you're dialing yourself from a home or business phone, you're still eligible for the dial-direct rate even if you require an operator's assistance. Explain your problem to an operator. If you need help in getting the call through, or in making a satisfactory connection, confirm with the operator that it will be charged at the dial-direct rate.

16 Dial direct, but save even more by making your out-of-state Long Distance calls within the time periods when rates are lowest. The lower rates for out-of-state calls made in the evening, on the weekends or late at night are described for you in the call guide in the front of your local directory.

17 Don't get caught by surprise, or miss out on the money you can save on Long Distance calls you make within your state. The times when lower rates apply may be different than for your out-of-state calls. Check carefully in the call guide in the front of your local directory for a description of when to save on calls you make within your state.

18 If you're concerned about avoiding added charges on your Long Distance calls in general, don't guess how long you've been talking. Time yourself, so you can finish your call before overtime rates apply. To save even more time and money, jot down what you want to say before you dial.

19 Before you go ahead and place a Long Distance call to a business, check first to see if they have a toll-free number. You can recognize it because it has an 800 prefix instead of a regular area code. If they have one, it's usually displayed in their advertising, or you may find it listed in your own local telephone directory. If so, the call's on them, and you save.

20 The information pages at the front of your local telephone book are a good source for tips on how to place your calls and how to save time and money in using your telephone. Look in the book, and save.

We hear you.

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THE WEEK

■ Perhaps with regard to the government's handling of the energy crisis, the National Science Foundation will be spending upward of a million dollars this year on windmill research. The advantages of harnessing wind as an energy source are that it is free, nonpolluting, and inexhaustible. The problems to be overcome are high construction costs and energy storage to provide a constant power source whether or not the winds are blowing. This constant-power problem may be solved by rigging the windmill with a generator and a bank of storage batteries; or, with advancing technology, using the generator to electrolyze water and using the hydrogen thus obtained to generate constant power with hydrogen fuel cells. Or perhaps the problem could be overcome more simply by mounting the windmills around the Halls of Congress, where the wind never fails.

■ The Bureau of Labor Statistics, which keeps tabs on inflation in the private sector, has just announced a few price increases of its own. Samples: an annual subscription to *Employment and Earnings*, which used to be $10.00, will now be $28.10 a year; *Occupational Outlook Quarterly* will jump from $1.50 to $4.30. Don't try expressing those increases in percentage terms, or your calculator will blow a transistor. Fortunately, this will not affect the measured cost of living one bit, since such items are conveniently excluded from the consumer price index, which, as it happens, is compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

■ The exclusionary rule, that legal doctrine which as much as any other single doctrine brought game psychology into the criminal courtroom, has been slightly altered by a recent Supreme Court decision. Illegally obtained evidence may now be presented to grand juries. As with most decisions, its full implications cannot yet be seen, but it may be the beginning of a full-scale attack on the exclusionary rule. The current rule is that evidence, however relevant and material, may not be admitted if it was illegally acquired by the police. The rule tends to result in acquittals where the police, mistaken, misguided, or worse, have not been fastidious in their regard for the constitutional strictures. Find the right piece of evidence under the wrong circumstances and the defendant goes free. Now, at last, a change: the evidence can be used before grand juries. If the exclusionary rule is to be weakened, however, and improperly obtained evidence admitted, it would seem reasonable to penalize the illegal act by which the evidence was obtained. The murder weapon would be admissible, but the detective who burgled the flat to get it would himself have to answer to the law.

■ Boston School Committee Chairman John Kerrigan went to Detroit a fortnight ago, fell in love with its disastrous plan for busing inner-city children to suburban schools, and urged the Massachusetts state legislature to bus 19,000 black children from Boston to schools in 85 suburbs and towns. By busing half Boston's black children out, Kerrigan reasons, the financial burden of constructing new schools and hiring new teachers will fall on the suburbs. A problem: Kerrigan and his Committee seem to be the only ones who like the plan. Black parents don't want their children to be sent to schools 30 miles away; white parents in Boston don't want their children to be stuck in inferior Boston schools; suburban parents not only don't want the quality of their schools to be lowered, they also don't want to pay more taxes. And anyway, why not wait for the Supreme Court's ruling on the constitutionality of the Detroit plan?

■ The new mayor began his term by saying: "I issue an open warning right now to all dope pushers, to all ripoff artists, to all muggers: it's time to leave Detroit. I don't give a damn if they are black or white, or if they wear Super Fly suits or blue uniforms with silver badges: hit the road." Those who advise us that "law and order" is a codeword for racism will have a bit of difficulty pinning the racist tag on Coleman Young, first black mayor of Detroit.

■ On January 11 the United States Public Health Service celebrated the tenth anniversary of its official announcement that cigarettes are a hazard to life and health, and of the official decision for the government to begin an educational and regulatory campaign to stop citizens from smoking. On the same day we may presume that the cigarette companies celebrated, very unofficially, the latest figures showing that cigarette smoking in this country reached a new high in 1973, with the puffing of 583 billion as against 524 billion in the year that government assumed responsibility for the smoking problem. We are looking forward to December 1983, when the Federal Energy Agency will be celebrating the tenth anniversary

They Got a Big Mouth

In New York, from which righteous packs
Pushed south in swarms to help the blacks,
The feds have found that New York whites
Alone enjoy their "voting rights."
But even as they wag their heads
At registration by the feds,
This chastening will fail to cork
The mouth of liberal New York.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Thanks, everybody, we needed that. To take what is left of our minds off the various Watergate capers, we now have the reports that the military used to spy on Henry Kissinger and the National Security Council. Other reports say Dr. Kissinger had Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's telephone tapped. Other reports say that this intramural nastiness is the "national security" matter that Mr. Nixon had in mind when he originally tried to limit the investigation into the plumbers unit. According to some reports, the plumbers unit, which was set up to locate leaks of sensitive information, might have been trying to plug the leak that resulted from the Pentagon spying. All these are just reports. Everyone named in the reports denies everything.

■ If the White House white paper on the so-called "milk fund scandal" accomplishes anything, it may help John Connally. The fire-eaters on the Senate Watergate Committee staff have wanted to hold full-scale hearings on the dairy industry's contributions to the Nixon reelection campaign and the Nixon Administration's decision to raise price supports for milk. The staffers had hoped to subpoena John Connally, who was in the Administration at the time and may have been in on the milk price decision. The staffers know that Connally is big news whenever he pops up in Washington, and if he appeared before the Committee, the Committee would be big news again. But the white paper may take the edge off the issue and tip the senators against the idea of hearings on it.

■ One year after he was shot by muggers, and two years before his term expires, Mississippi Senator John Stennis has announced that he will seek reelection in 1976. This decision by Stennis, 73, may influence the reelection plans of Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, who also is 73 and whose term also expires in 1976. He is the second ranking Democrat on the crucial Armed Services Committee—right behind Chairman Stennis. Had Stennis retired, the dovish Symington might have been tempted to run just to become chairman. But he knows that Stennis cannot be beaten in Mississippi.

■ The Soviet Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* has spoken: Senator Henry Jackson (D., Wash.) is a stinker. Specifically, he is "anti-Soviet and a friend of the Zionists" and a threat to world peace because he might get elected President in 1976. *Pravda* says Jackson is the running dog of "a sinister coalition of military manufacturers, Pentagon hawks, Zionists, and trade union bureaucrats," the worst being AFL-CIO President George Meany, "an ardent anti-Communist obscurantist."

■ Stop Press! The Americans for Democratic Action has released its ratings and discovered that the senators everyone knows are liberal tend to vote in a way pleasing to the liberal ADA, and the senators everyone knows are conservative tend to vote in favor of war and grinding the faces of the poor. The ADA's heroes are Walter Mondale (D., Minn.), Edmund Muskie (D., Me.), and Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.), each of whom received 95 per cent out of a possible 100 per cent. The ratfinks are nine Republicans who scored zero and who have to stay after school and clean the blackboard erasers.

■ BRIEFS: Pay attention, now. President Nixon says the United States has launched "Project Independence" to make the U.S. self-sufficient in energy. The purpose of this is to reduce the danger implicit in U.S. dependence on energy supplies in the Mideast. But the U.S. Export-Import Bank is about to approve a $49-million credit to help the Soviet Union finance exploration for natural gas—in the Soviet Union. Presumably if U.S. credit helps bring about discoveries, the Soviet Union will sell us some gas. It will sell it to us at a price projected to be five or six times as high as the price of natural gas at the wellhead in the U.S. today. It will sell us the expensive gas we helped discover—until we misbehave. That's Project Independence. . . . According to the Harris survey, a majority of the American people would like to have a special presidential election in 1974. This is presumably because they think the incumbent has not been respectful of constitutional niceties. . . . You're not going to believe this, but it's true. Last fall, after the President had vetoed a bill, and the Senate was getting ready to vote on overriding the veto, a staff member for a Republican senator called another Republican staff member and asked if he knew the White House position on the vote to override the veto.

—CATO

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of the day when the government assumed responsibility for the energy shortage.

■ One thing the White House plumbers discovered, it is now leaking out, was that the Pentagon was spying on the White House. The so-called plumbers were established in mid-1971. Following a real leak to Jack Anderson, which appeared in his column, the plumbers uncovered another real leak. A young Navy man had passed secret papers to Admiral Thomas Moorer, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Denials, of course, are coming in from all directions, but the point is that Mr. Nixon's "obsession" with national security would seem to have, or have had, a basis in fact.

■ THE LAST FRONTIER BECKONS DEPT.: Construction of the Alaska pipeline may begin in a few weeks—but the state is discouraging migration of prospective laborers. All the jobs, warns Lieutenant Governor H. A. "Red" Boucher, will go to union men. Furthermore, he adds, Alaskan residents will be preferred in hiring. Moreover, he notes, the state already has an unemployment rate of 10.5 per cent. Besides, he cautions, the state has strict residence requirements for welfare recipients. What's more, he observes, there is already a critical housing shortage there. And anyway, he admonishes, Alaskan weather can be mighty tough. . . . Hey Red, you forgot to tell 'em about the grizzlies and the earthquakes!

■ Best guess: There exists in the Soviet Union a network of some 900 prison and labor camps accommodating more than a million prisoners. In 1969, seven political prisoners issued the following clandestine statement: "Russia is still crisscrossed by a network of camps

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where—despite all the international conventions signed by the Soviet government—forced labor and cruel exploitation are the norm, where people are systematically kept hungry and constantly humiliated, where their human dignity is debased. Through these camps passes an uninterrupted human flow, millions strong, which gives back to society physically and morally crippled people. This is the result of a deliberate penal policy worked out by experts and presented by them in special handbooks with a cynicism worthy of the concentration camp experts of the Third Reich."

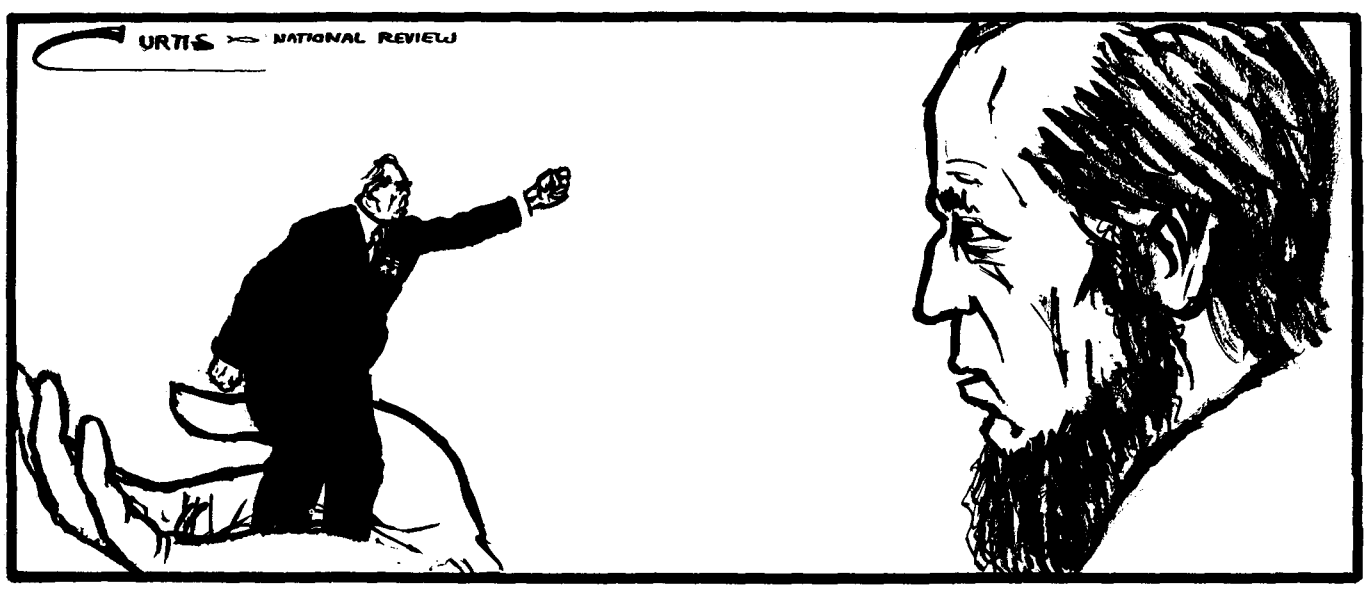
■ Bureaucracy in action. According to England's *Economist*, more than 70 per cent of Sweden's energy comes from domestically generated hydroelectric power; only 27 per cent of the country's energy comes from imported oil—and so far there have been so many Arabian leaks that Sweden's oil stock has not even diminished. Thus, it seems the Swedes should be positively cozy compared to their European brothers. It hasn't worked out that way; the Swedes are undergoing the toughest rationing program in all of Europe. Streets are half-lit, TV is inoperative after 9:45 at night, and apartment dwellers are allowed only cold showers. Most Swedes, as they usually do, have unquestioningly accepted the government mandates, but a few have begun saying disparaging words about the Swedish civil service—claiming it decided in November that rationing would be necessary and from then on nothing could persuade it otherwise.

■ The English have borne up bravely under the gasoline shortage, the heat and light shortage, and the food shortage. One thing that has helped them bear up is coming home to a large Scotch and soda. But now comes a soda shortage. Schweppes explained to the London *Times* that there have never been enough siphons to go around, people haven't been returning returnable bottles, and bottle manufacturers can't supply new nonreturnable bottles. As it turns out, it's not a soda shortage at all, it's a glass shortage.

■ Oregon Governor Tom McCall has put through a law to let drivers buy gasoline only on odd- or even-numbered days, depending on their license numbers. This scheme discriminates against evens, there being more odd-numbered days in the year; and you know what they'll whisper about the odd people. The odds are about even your days in office are numbered, McCall.

■ The U.S. Civil Service can no longer reject applicants merely because of habitual drug use, according to recent court decisions. Possible benefits: 1) addicts will not have to resort to violent crime to support their habit, but can instead take bribes as safety inspectors, tax agents, or fuel allocators; 2) the 14,000 addicts now collecting welfare in New York City will no longer be able to claim that they are disabled; and 3) considering the strange things that bureaucrats are asked to do these days, a few hallucinations now and then might be a definite asset.

■ Marijuana and hashish aren't the hot topics they were a few years ago; but, according to the annual report of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, both still have a very large and devoted following, thanks in no small part to the New Left and organized crime. What makes this alarming is the increasing scientific evidence on the physical and psychological effects of the cannabis plant. According to the report: "Researchers have found that cannabis accumulates in the brain and gonads in the manner of DDT; that it produces fetal deformities in ani-



"For a country to have a great writer is like having another government. That's why no regime has ever loved great writers, only minor ones."

—Solzhenitsyn

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mals—in addition to abortions and stillbirths—in a manner that resembles the damage done by thalidomide; that it results in breakage and serious damage to human chromosomes; and that it seriously reduces the body's ability to produce DNA, a critical component of all cells including the reproductive cells." And the United States may well be "the Number One cannabis-using nation in history." That's as measured per capita—or, as they say, per head.

■ The Impeachment Ball, given January 19, was Washington's first—sponsored (natch) by the ACLU and Congressbeings Ronald Dellums and Bella Abzug. It must have been hilarious all right—there was to be a Rose Mary Woods contortion contest, and prizes were planned for those who dressed as "acrobatic secretaries, dancing plumbers, and telephoning Martha Mitchells." For her part, Mrs. Abzug toyed with the idea of dressing up as Madame Defarge—reminding us that Burke warned her prototypes against such insensible jollity, as inappropriate to a national convulsion. No matter; one might as well exhort vultures to say grace. These types would throw a party to observe an amputation, if they felt the amputee had it coming.

■ ENTHYMEME OF THE WEEK: From *New York Times* film critic Vincent Canby: "Outrage is healthy. It changes customs and topples governments."

■ On the frontiers of science, a professor, tenured no doubt, advances the claim that kissing is purely a matter of chemistry, motivated by a craving for salt. No doubt volunteer researchers will subject this hypothesis to rigorous testing in coming months, in the universities and the drive-ins. Meanwhile, folks on salt-free diets need not be unnecessarily alarmed.

Solzhenitsyn's Fate (and Others')

The Soviet regime has now begun to react, tentatively, ominously, to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*. Denounced in a feature article in *Pravda* as a "thoroughly immoral" traitor and a tool of "imperialist reaction," Solzhenitsyn has now become the target of a supposedly spontaneous letter-writing campaign: Soviet citizens who have not read the book—which is of course unavailable to them—writing to *Pravda* to denounce Solzhenitsyn and demand his exile or imprisonment.

The choices open to Mr. Brezhnev are unpromising. He could officially ignore Solzhenitsyn. Perhaps from the Kremlin's standpoint this is the best government option. But such a course would leave in very prominent being a witness to the totalitarian outrages of the regime, and perpetuate a challenge to the very legitimacy of the Soviet system itself.

Brezhnev could, alternatively, apply to Solzhenitsyn any of the sanctions so eloquently described in *The Gulag Archipelago*. Or he could exile him.

But for Mr. Brezhnev these options intertwine ominously with his own political situation. He has clearly linked his own position—temporarily, at least—to improved commercial relations with the West. It is known that this policy line is opposed by powerful groups within the upper Soviet echelons (KGB, military, ideologists) who favor a tougher line. Yet despite all the talk of detente, there has recently occurred a perceptible souring of Western attitudes toward Brezhnev and his dictatorship. In the foreground now is not detente, not the dangers of World War III, but rather: the treatment of dissidents, the October war in the Middle East, the perennial Jewish emigration issue, and, lastly, Solzhenitsyn. Nothing is worse in the Soviet Union at the present time than in the past; yet it is fair to say that the Soviet Union has not had a worse press for years. Imprisoning or killing Solzhenitsyn, an obvious propaganda disaster, could derail Brezhnev's foreign policies and even result in his fall.

Richard Nixon's own fate is now curiously linked with that of Brezhnev (see "Impeachment Prospects" below), and Nixon himself could be, though obliquely, a casualty of the publication of *The Gulag Archipelago*.

Waiting for Sherlock

Though no single new episode in the endless Watergate epic is likely, by itself, to budge mass opinion very much from the shape in which it has been more or less frozen since autumn (see "Impeachment Prospects"), there are signs that the technicians' report on the Rose Mary tape did provoke a shift in the view of certain key professional politicians that may indirectly prove critical. There is nothing surprising in the fact that a blatantly partisan Democratic congressman like John Brademas should say: "The destruction of evidence leads us to but one conclusion: the total destruction of Mr. Nixon's credibility." But Senator Henry Jackson, rising star in the galaxy of Democratic presidential candidates and admired by many conservatives of both parties, had kept his Watergate comments few and restrained prior to January 15. When he learned, that day, of the technicians' finding that the tape had been doctored in a manner that must be judged as beyond reasonable doubt deliberate, Senator Jackson stated: "This creates the most serious problem to date, no doubt about it. *The burden has shifted for the President and his White House aides to explain what went on*" (our italics). Former Attorney General Elliot Richardson, rapidly moving up the political slopes, expressed his "dismay and concern."

Representative John Anderson of Illinois, leader of the House, went even further, along the same line, than Senator Jackson: "This is the most serious single bit of evidence to date. The theory that there has been a conscious effort to conceal evidence is no longer a theory. . . . [The

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technicians' report is] the penultimate link in the chain of evidence that has been steadily forged to show that there has been a conscious deliberate effort to obstruct justice. . . . Not only was the tape doctored deliberately, but it probably occurred on the machine that Miss Woods used. Certainly, a very limited number of people in the White House would have had access to that machine. Sherlock Holmes has solved a lot tougher cases than that, either by induction or deduction."

Impeachment Prospects

It is a measure of the President's public standing that the latest Watergate "bombshell"—the experts' analysis of the 18-minute tape erasure—probably cannot damage him. As early as last November, according to a recently published Roper Poll, 79 per cent of those interviewed believed Mr. Nixon to be guilty of one or more of the serious offenses charged against him. Additional "revelations" can hardly add significantly to that figure. Indeed, in his handling of the Watergate affair over the last six months, it might be said that we have seen the birth of the newest Nixon: Trickless Dick, the Artless Dodger.

In any event, the focus now shifts from investigation to judgment, from the Ervin Committee to grand juries, trials, and the impeachment process. Concerning impeachment, therefore, some preliminary observations:

1. Politics. Democrats in Congress face an exquisite dilemma. As things now stand, Mr. Nixon is their principal, and perhaps their sole, political asset. No Democratic leader has captured the public imagination, and Gerald Ford, so recently arrived in the national consciousness, outscores all Democrats in the opinion polls. Nor have the Democrats come up with a program possessing broad appeal. They can, however, now and in 1976, run against the Nixon White House—but only if he remains in office. From a tactical standpoint, the Democrats' best option is the status quo, a discredited Nixon who nevertheless clings to office.

Agreeing with this analysis, most Republican office holders would be glad to see Mr. Nixon depart. They hesitate to say so publicly and shrink from leading the demand for impeachment against the titular leader of their own Party. They would prefer that the Democrats take the initiative. Politically, a muted Alphonse-Gaston performance results.

The Democrats, however, may not be able to control the momentum of events. The impeachment process has been set in motion; Mr. John Doar, the Majority Counsel, and his colleagues are hard at work; and the media will keep the cauldron boiling. Whatever their tactical imperatives, congressmen will probably have to do what they least desire—vote yes or no on impeachment. As of now, the votes to impeach are not there; and, if the House refuses to impeach, Mr. Nixon will have been constitutionally exonerated.

2. Nixon's Forthcoming Tactics. He will attempt to shift the focus to foreign policy and will rely heavily on his supposed Moscow connection. During the Christmas period, Mr. Nixon had two lengthy meetings with Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin. It seems likely that he hopes for another visit to Moscow before summer and for Moscow's cooperation in the achievement of visible foreign policy goals: progress toward a Middle Eastern settlement, a viable agreement in SALT II, a negotiated troop reduction in central Europe, and an end to the Arab oil embargo. The White House obviously is counting on achievement in these areas to offset the impact of the scandals and hopes, first of all, to be able to announce dramatically in February that the oil boycott has ended. Contrary to many reports stressing his isolation, and so on, Mr. Nixon is acutely aware of his political peril. Our peril is that he may be tempted to purchase paper achievements at exorbitant prices.

3. Public Opinion. Though, as noted above, 79 per cent of those polled believe Nixon "guilty," only 44 per cent favor impeachment, a paradox pondered last week by Tom Wicker in a column that might have been entitled "Tom Wicker Discovers America." Why, he wondered, if most people believe Nixon guilty, is there no majority for trying him and convicting him? Wicker ponders this in a wide-eyed way, and, relying on an article in a scholarly journal, arrives at the following undoubtedly correct conclusion. A sort of "threshold" of impropriety and illegality exists in the real as contrasted with the ideal America. *L'homme moyen sensuel, genus Americanus*, is not a candidate for citizenship in John Calvin's Geneva. He may well be flirting with his secretary or the woman next door, cheating on his taxes, padding his expense accounts, cutting some business corners, and regularly breaking the speed limit. He does not consider himself a crook or a candidate for the penitentiary. Agnew, in his reluctant perception, did step over that

Recessional

The rails are silent as the moon;
  The miners shun the darkened pits.
With strangulation coming soon,
  The classes opt for opposites.
But neither peer nor party whip
Will sully public ownership.

The candles flicker on the Strand;
  The tumult (and the turbines) die.
Inevitably, contraband
  Entices shoppers on the sly.
But politicians pale like Pip
Defending public ownership.

If, finally, this ancient realm
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre,
God grant the captain at *our* helm
  Some other system to admire . . .
Lest we be frozen in the grip
Of total public ownership.

W. H. von Dreele

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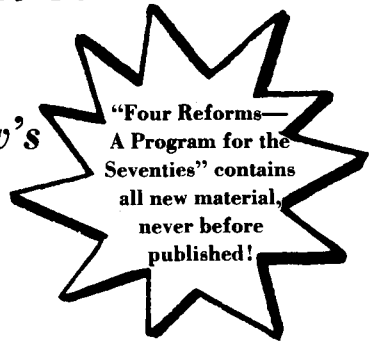

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threshold. But what the poll results show is that, as yet, the majority does not consider that Nixon, *even if guilty*, has crossed the threshold and deserves the drastic punishment that impeachment represents for an incumbent President.

Why Ration?

Excuses for rationing diminish daily as the pressures for it increase. Instead of being short by 3.5 million barrels a day in the first quarter of the year, as President Nixon estimated in November, the official forecast is now for a 2.7-million barrel shortage and possibly far less. The shortage of heating and diesel oil was originally expected to be 900,000 barrels a day, and this was the reason for the Administration's hasty decision to order a gasoline shortage instead (motorists have no powerful lobby). Now, the estimated shortage of heating and diesel oil is revised to only 340,000 barrels. The nation's gasoline supplies, according to the latest figures from the American Petroleum Institute, are only 3 per cent below last year's—which indicates that the shortage is mainly due to excess demand rather than short supply.

Nonetheless, all those lovely rationing coupons are not apt to be wasted, paper being nearly as scarce as petroleum. For a dollar a month, anyone who can get a driver's license could get rationing coupons which could be sold for at least $10 (35 gallons at 30 cents each). This subsidy is not based on need or income, so let Rockefeller send his chauffeur to buy the gas with his coupons, and pick up a little money for cigars. Couples with two college students at home may be able to use the coupons to boost their annual income by several hundred dollars. There are some 21 million persons 18 or older without driver's licenses, so the licensing bureaus would be well advised to hire more help.

The entrepreneurial opportunities are tremendous: jobs and bribes for bureaucrats, a market for phony coupons and driver's licenses, speculation on the price of coupons, etc. None of this money, it should be noted, will go into producing more oil. Nor will the inevitable price increases—mandated by a 400 per cent annual rise in import prices—be allowed to benefit *domestic* producers (wouldn't want to give the Arabs any competition). Nor will rationing lengthen service station hours or greatly shorten the waiting lines. So, why do we want to tax domestic oil producers, stockholders, and distributors out of existence in order to subsidize the possession of driver's licenses?

Every Man for Himself

The French are getting skittish,
  Palavering with sheiks.
The Germans and the British
  Are dickering for leaks.
The Japanese are doing
  Precisely what they're told.
The Swedes deserve a screwing;
  The Dutch are in the cold.
In 1900, Teddy
  Would simply flaunt the fleet;
But only Russia's ready,
  So all we do is bleat.

W. H. VON DREELE

Solutions or Scapegoats?

There isn't really anything that the oil companies could do, short of going out of business, that would please their critics. The oil majors are accused of pricing too low to squeeze out independents, and of pricing too high to earn monopoly profits. They supposedly made a fortune on imported oil, but didn't import enough in 1972. The shortage was contrived, we're told, to get the Alaska pipeline bill passed—i.e., the oil companies cut supplies in order to increase supplies. Jack Anderson notes that Arab governments "have increased their oil income by doubling the taxes and royalties," and in the same breath he complains that oil companies in Saudi Arabia are "putting back as little development money as possible."

Meanwhile, the government's effort to allocate fuel by rule of thumb and favoritism has caused the confusion one might have expected. Texas cotton ranchers harvested a month earlier in 1973 than in 1972 but could only get propane and diesel fuel based on use in the same month of 1972. Mobil was ordered to service a single truck stop in a state in which Mobil has no facilities. Oregon started an energy conservation program last year and is now suffering under allocations based on last year's frugal use. New Yorkers are staying closer to home, putting greater demands on local stations, and burning fuel in the process of searching for it.

Prior to January 15, the government's plan had called for further cutbacks in gasoline production, so that refineries could produce more distillates (heating oil and diesel fuel). But the latest figures show distillate stocks 30 per cent above the level of last year. If your car can run on heating oil, there is probably going to be an ample supply this summer.

War in the Caribbean?

Consider the following constellation of facts. First, the Cuban military positions facing the U.S. base at Guantanamo Bay recently have been reinforced on a rush basis, notably with Soviet-supplied heavy artillery and ground-to-ground missiles. So quickly has this material been moved in that the installations themselves tend to have a makeshift character.

Second. During the latter part of December, the

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GUEST EDITORIAL

Pick a Color

Several months ago, I was required to complete a typical prying federal form, one which, among other things, inquired of my "minority status." Now that the courts have decided to implement "racial balance," the bureaucrats are right there demanding racially "mixed" neighborhoods, even apartment buildings, and "hire by quota" is the thing in the building trades.

After all, if you're going to bus kids or hire apprentices, you must know which is the "right" race, and in what correct proportion, to use, lest you fail to create that great magical amalgam "race harmony."

But what *is* race? What are those things which comprise "racial characteristics?" Was I (check one): a) white (nonminority); b) Negro/black; c) American Indian; d) Spanish-American; e) Oriental; f) Other minorities not under above.

Well, what the hell. I *felt* like being a "Negro/black" that day, and checked the box.

The forms attendant noticed the discrepancy as my white hands moved the pen on to another section of the form, and called my attention to my "error."

"It's no error," I replied. "I *am* Negro."

Still doubtful, the HUD bureaucrat said, "Bullshit!"

Being newly Negro/black, and not about to take any crap from a government employee, I returned his remark with, "You don't know my mother." That stopped him dead in his pencil pushing, the specter of my Negro/black mother haunting him.

Somewhere, some federal form now lists me as Negro/black. Next time, maybe, I'll choose "Oriental," or perhaps "Other" and insist I'm a Basque.

All of which makes me ask: how does anyone, anywhere, *know* who is black, or who is white, or who is whatever?

The answer is that the labels are applied on the basis of how the labeler *thinks* a black, a white, an Oriental, or an "Other" looks, whether appropriate or inappropriate. I have been assured by the more conscientious pickers and choosers of race among local school personnel that they assess "cultural differences" in determining category. Fine. When asked to define that, I get no coherent reply.

Underneath it all is the ultimate racist thought: *we* are talking about and labeling *them*, and everybody knows who *they* are. Indeed, *they* know who they are.

At what point on the chromatic scale, or whatever is used, does a person cease being "Negro/black" and become "white (nonminority)"? Or cease being "white" and become "Oriental"? Is there, deep in the recesses of HEW's Washington headquarters, a model of "whiteness" and "blackness"?

No, there are no models, because there are no legal definitions of what it takes to be "Negro/black," "Spanish-American," or "Other." There are no guidelines either. There are only prejudices and assumptions.

Actually, anyone may legally claim to be whatever nice color he wants to be. He may, under present laws, even choose to be of the opposite sex, if he/she so desires.

There are no United States equivalents to the Nazi Nuremberg Laws of Racial Purity.

Which means that if a community faced with some HEW massive busing plan should just claim that 50 per cent of its group is already black, or white, what official would oppose it? Or *could* oppose it?

Some citizen might go to court over the matter, but short of exhuming long-dead ancestors to check for coloration, no court could solve the question, unless a color code were formulated. That would be an American dilemma.

—LARRY MAY

Cuban army held maneuvers in eastern Cuba, that being, perhaps coincidentally, the region in which the U.S. base is located.

Third. Addressing the troops after the completion of maneuvers, Castro, in a speech later carried over Radio Havana, dilated at length on the imminent possibility of an attack on Cuba by the U.S. "On several occasions," he noted, "we have been in real danger of a direct aggression by the armed forces of the United States. This danger has existed and it will continue to exist while there is a Cuban revolution and while there is imperialism." And more in the same vein. If Castro on his own or at Soviet instigation is planning a military strike at Guantanamo, this speech provided the covering rationale.

The Soviets, indeed, have positioned themselves nicely to exert military pressure at three widely separated points: in Southeast Asia, where the North Vietnamese can strike at any time; in the Middle East; and now in the Caribbean. On a purely military basis, some experts are skeptical that the U.S. could sustain its position against coordinated thrusts in all three areas. Others are worried that the Kremlin at last has perceived the extent of Mr. Nixon's political disarray and is preparing to take him to the cleaners.

Oh yes. Harald Edelstam—until shown the exit, Swedish ambassador to Chile—attended the Cuban military ceremonies.

Dysgenics

Fully 18 years ago, a contributor to this journal noted melancholically that "though liberals do a great deal of talking about hearing other points of view, it some-

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times shocks them to learn that there *are* other points of view." And it is still worthwhile to watch their reactions to the discovery. Take the December issue of *Psychology Today*, which tries to be (and is) fair to Arthur Jensen, of IQ-race fame, without being downright . . . well, openminded.

The idea is, you give Jensen a chance to present his case, while carefully dissociating yourself from his views. Even if you have to resort to the argument resorted to by *PT*'s editor, T. George Harris: "If you force people to play dumb for 300 years just to stay alive, you can't expect them all to be stupid enough to forget those survival lessons in one generation." In other words, scoring low on IQ tests is a form of *cunning*, like playing possum. There must be a better answer to Jensen. Perhaps—given his liberal readership—Harris is playing dumb just to stay alive.

Another article in the magazine, which assails the academic persecutors of the IQ heretics, mentions the Stanford dean who decreed that William Shockley should not be permitted to teach a course in "dysgenics"—racial retrogression through the uncontrolled breeding of dumb people. Shockley is, in our sober judgment, a nut, and the university probably acted quite properly in discouraging him. So far, so good. But the dean couldn't put it this way; he had to add, recounts the article, that he was denying authorization for the course "although the university had an obligation to encourage [in the dean's words] 'heterodox, dangerous thoughts.' "

How much simpler life could be, even for liberal deans, if only they could say: "The university has an obligation to promote not only the discovery of truth, but also its defense, once discovered. We have *no* obligation to encourage heterodox and dangerous thoughts; we are however obliged to meet such thoughts on their own ground, once they have been promulgated, and to defeat them. We think Professor Shockley's thoughts are of this character—so let him do his promulgating somewhere else." But alas, the liberals persist in thinking it their duty to breed ideological mutants, supposing the monsters can be confined to the lab. Somebody ought to do a study of the dysgenics of the American university.

Lindsay's Legacy

During the last days of the Lindsay administration, pollsters in the employ of the *New York Times* wended their way about New York City asking residents all sorts of questions. One of which was: "Regardless of how you vote, do you think of yourself as a conservative, moderate, liberal, or radical?" First of all, 9 per cent of those interviewed weren't sure what to label themselves; but 27 per cent considered themselves liberal or radical; 31 per cent considered themselves moderates; and 33 per cent, yes, Virginia, the largest percentage of them all, considered themselves conservatives. "The conservative nature of New York," the *Times* manfully reported, "is among the major conclusions" of the poll. What's more, the views of the conservatives and moderates were similar on many issues; oftentimes only a percentage point or two separated them.

All of which explains why the moderate conservative Abe Beame is now the landslide mayor of New York City. However, this is not to say that the previous mayor didn't accomplish anything during his eight-year "reign." In 1970, another *Times* poll revealed, only 27 per cent of all New Yorkers considered themselves conservatives, while 33 per cent considered themselves liberal or radical. As the *Times*' farewell editorial to John Lindsay hymned: he was "a mayor of vision who dared to raise the sights of his fellow citizens . . ."

Notes & Asides

■ WILLIAM F BUCKLEY JR
NATIONAL REVIEW NEW YORK

AM REVIEWING FOUR REFORMS FOR THE NY TIMES. OUT OF THE CONSIDERATION CCNY MEN HAVE ALWAYS SHOWN YALIES AND IN THE THOUGHT THAT THE GALLEYS MAY NOT BE LOCKED UP MAY I POINT OUT THAT ON PAGE 59 YOU REPORT THE DOLLAR HAVING "DEPRECIATED BY 13(PERCENT." ON REFLECTION I THINK YOU WILL AGREE THIS INHERENTLY UNLIKELY. IF YOU WOULD PRESERVE YOUR MINIMAL REPUTATION WITH ECONOMETRICIANS I SUGGEST YOU REVISE THE PASSAGE. THIS NEED NOT BE WITHOUT PROFIT. YOU COULD SAY THE DOLLAR HAS GONE DOWN "A LOT," WHICH GOES DOWN WELL WITH SIMPLE FOLK. "MORE THAN IT SHOULD HAVE" IS A FORMULATION SUFFICIENTLY AMBIGUOUS TO ATTRACT THE UPPER CLASS LEFT. "UNCONSCIONABLY" SHOULD GRAB THE RIGHT REACTIONARIES WITH WHOM YOU CONSORT AT NATIONAL REVIEW MERRY CHRISTMAS PATRICK MOYNIHAN
AMERICAN EMBASSY NEW DELHI INDIA

AMBASSADOR D PATRICK MOYNIHAN
NEW DELHI

ACCORDING TO SENIOR ECONOMIC CONSULTANT THESIS PARTS DEVALUATION IS A CHANGE IN THE RELATIONSHIP OR RATIO BETWEEN TWO CURRENCIES NOT AN ABSOLUTE DECLINE IN ONE. BUT ACKNOWLEDGE RHETORICAL IMPACT OF RECENT POLITICAL SEASON. QUESTION: WILL THE PRESIDENT SUPPORT THE VALUE OF THE DOLLAR ONE THOUSAND PER CENT? REGARDS BUCKLEY

■ Bill:
Would you mention in Notes & Asides that there will be a delay in the announcement of the 1973 Prophet of the

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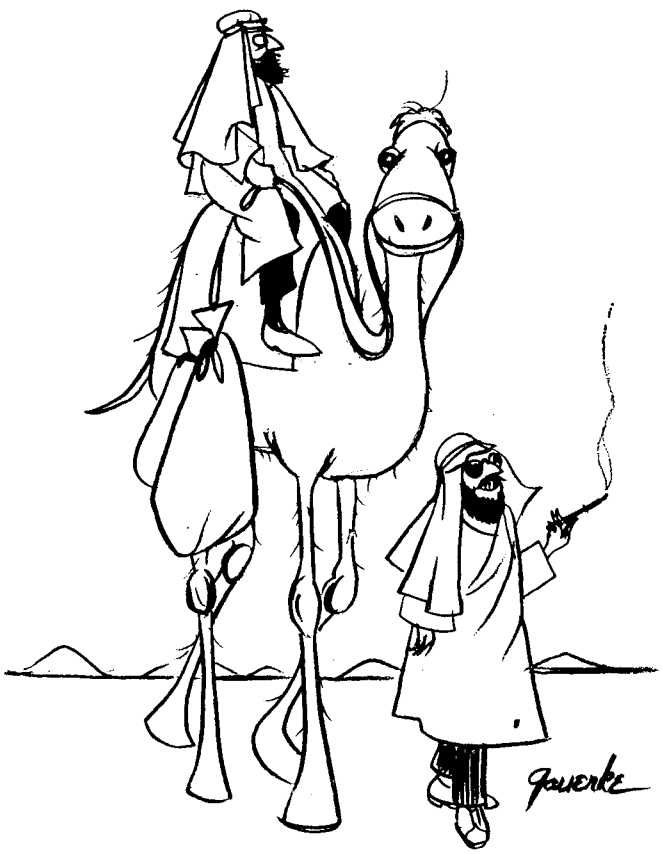
Year winner because it will not be until mid Feb. that the Bureau of Labor Statistics will have the final figure on unemployment rate as of Dec. 31, 1973. Q. 19 "The United States unemployment rate at the end of the year was above 5 per cent. T or F?" (The unofficial figure is 4.98 per cent—too close to make a wild guess on.)
—PLB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please allow me, for the benefit of your good readers, to set you straight about St. Augustine's conception of cupidity ("Notes & Asides," Dec. 7), and to come to the defense of Geoffrey Chaucer. I promise neither to question your good taste again nor to comment on your apparent confidence that doctrinal matters will eventually be settled by philologists. In this connection I should note, however, that you failed to mention that the Douay-Rheims Bible, which refreshed many English-speaking parishioners until recently, omits the word *cupidity* from 2 Tim. 6. 10, saying simply, "For the desire of money is the root of all evils," with which the Jerusalem Bible agrees except that it uses "love of" instead of "desire of." We should not, of course, contend in words, for as St. Paul says (Rheims), "it is to no profit but the subverting of the hearers."

To return to St. Augustine, I can assure you that he meant exactly what he said when he observed that "Scripture teaches nothing but charity, nor condemns anything except cupidity." He went on to explain, "I call 'charity' the motion of the soul toward God for His own sake, and the enjoyment of one's self and of one's neighbor for the sake of God; but 'cupidity' is the motion of the soul toward the enjoyment of one's self, one's neighbor, or any corporal thing for the sake of something other than God." Because of St. Augustine's enormous influence, these definitions became commonplace for about 1,200 years, and it is still quite possible to accord them a certain respect.



"I cannot stifle a little chuckle, Abdul, when I think of pampered Americans doing without such fuel-consuming luxuries as busing, emission control systems, and electronic surveillance."

You will notice that the definition of *cupiditas* is broad enough to include all of what later came to be known as the seven principal vices; and, indeed, medieval representations of or descriptions of the "tree" of the vices often show *cupiditas* as the "root" of a "tree" whose "fruits" are the vices themselves. This doctrine was found to be pleasantly and perhaps Providentially harmonious with Ovid's description of the evils of the Iron Age dominated by *amor sceleratus habendi*, which found an echo in that favorite book among our Christian ancestors, *The Consolation of Philosophy* of Boethius, revered and translated by King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth I, and Geoffrey Chaucer, to mention only a few.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Chaucer's Parson quotes 2 Tim. 6. 10 by saying "the roote of alle harmes is Coveitise," and there can be little doubt that *radix malorum est cupiditas* conveyed to Chaucer and to his audience the idea that *cupiditas* is *the* root of all evils. The Pardoner is an extremely reprehensible character. He openly subjects himself to cupidity while he preaches against it, professing a determination to gain "moneie, wolle, chese, and whete," not to mention wine and "a joly wenche in every toune," the last being something a certain misfortune prevented him from enjoying fully. Moreover, he leads others to be cupidinous so that he can sell the pretended benefits of his false relics. However, his use of a slightly abbreviated form of the verse from St. Paul simply reflects a common practice in the formulation of "themes" for sermons that did not, in the context of his times, deserve censure.

Finally, I do not think that one should regard NATIONAL REVIEW cupidinously. As I contemplate the copy before me, I can not bring myself to think of it as a significant increment to my worldly goods, to be ranged along with money, wool, cheese, wheat, wine, and jolly wenches. Rather, I believe, its value is more intangible, residing in any "wit and goodness," as Chaucer would say, provided by the Good Lord to you so that you may pass it on to your readers.

Princeton, Mr. Buckley, if you mean the University, is not an exclusively political institution, and in many way things are splendid there. Sincerely yours,

D. W. Robertson Jr.
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Mr. Robertson: Thanks. The matter rests. Cordially,
—**WFB**

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No Decisive Moments

One is not being careless with the good name of Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania when one suggests that it was reasonable to anticipate the result of the so-called "Christmas referendum" when—and because—Mr. Scott helped conjure it into existence. The "Christmas referendum" was the final event on the liturgical calendar of the last political year. It was supposed to happen, spontaneously as it were, when congressmen and senators were home during the Christmas recess talking, as Mr. Scott put it, "to the folks in the drugstore." Mr. Scott is the Minority Leader of the Senate.

It is not being mean to Mr. Scott to note that he, as much as any man in Washington, and more than most, is a politician right down to his sensitive fingertips, and, like any politician worth his salt, he does not invite, or focus attention upon, any expression of public opinion unless he is reasonably confident that he knows what opinion will be expressed and finds that opinion congenial.

Thus it is no surprise that the "Christmas referendum" was an indecisive thing. The folks in the drugstore did not demand impeachment; they settled nothing. We are in that kind of period, a period without decisive moments.

Henry Kissinger has been gallivanting around on another of those trips to the Mideast which involve visiting 13 countries in 14 days—or is it 14 countries in 13 days? 15 in 19?—for the purpose of untangling a religious, political, racial, and economic snarl that has been with us in one form or other for more than 1,974 years, and which has been with us in pretty much its current phase for a quarter of a century. The principal purpose of Mr. Kissinger's latest trip was to move Israeli and Egyptian forces a few miles away from one another. This achievement, if realized and preserved, will be hailed as grounds for giving Mr. Kissinger another Nobel Peace Prize. It also will leave the following situation: Israeli forces will still occupy most of the territory they overran in the 1967 war, which was launched by the Egyptians in order to get back "all the Arab lands" lost in 1948. These lands include downtown Tel Aviv. Hence, in spite of Mr. Kissinger's expenditure of jet fuel, there is no "decisive" moment in sight in the Mideast, and that probably is just as well, because only a cataclysm could be decisive in such a situation.

"Domestic Kissinger"

At home in Washington a "domestic Kissinger" has emerged, a man of incredible energy, who enjoys a relationship with the press that would be considered remarkably good at any time, but which is a source of wonder and awe in Mr. Nixon's Administration. This paragon is William Simon, the Energy Czar. He is issuing "orders" the way the real Czar should have done in 1917. He allocates fuels and meets with humble supplicants from the provinces who feel unloved and underallocated. He is on television more than Walter Cronkite. He has even ordered that gasoline rationing coupons be printed, although he says he will go to the ends of the earth to find an alternative to using them. The coupon printing presses are whirring in the hope that the whir will tranquilize Senator Henry Jackson, Chairman of the Interior Committee, who thinks we must have rationing by the day before yesterday, if not sooner.

The betting here is that there will be no rationing in the near future—*if* Mr. Simon, using his remarkable relationship with the press, and fully exploiting his remarkable (but fragile) image of decisiveness and competence, can convince an increasingly skeptical public that there really is an energy shortage, and that it reflects elemental economic forces, not the conniving of interested parties. This will not be easy. There is a shortage of gasoline at the pumps but there is no shortage of reports that storage tanks are full, that tankers are riding at anchor off the East Coast because they are unable to find storage space ashore for their loads of crude oil, and that oil company profits are soaring out of sight. According to one public opinion poll fully 25 per cent of the American people are specific enough about their skepticism to state flatly that the oil companies have contrived an energy shortage to boost their profits. And Mr. Simon knows that the percentage of such "hardline" skeptics will rise sharply in a few days, when the oil companies begin announcing their profits for the last quarter of 1973. Already the "softline" skeptics—those whose skepticism is not focused on the oil companies, but who ardently believe that *someone, somewhere* is manipulating things for disreputable reasons—include half the American people. Mr. Simon knows that the good press and high public standing he currently enjoys derive from the fact that he has "done things" but has not done things that really bite—things like imposing rationing. He has avoided such measures only because the appeals for voluntary energy conservation have been successful. But the corrosive public skepticism about the energy crisis will soon dissolve the spirit of voluntary cooperation. That spirit is already wearing perilously thin, and there is no decisive moment in sight when the energy crisis will be either clarified or eliminated.

The same is true of the perennial crisis.

White Papers

The white papers Mr. Nixon released in his attempt to lay to rest the subsidiary Watergate issues known as the "milk fund scandal" and the "ITT case" should lay to rest the illusion that there is going to be a "decisive moment" when Mr. Nixon lays to rest *any* of the Watergate issues. An interesting reaction—not a typical reaction, because it was kinder than most—came from the *Washington Star-News*, the "other" Washington paper, the one Mr. Nixon once hoped would counter in the afternoon the damage done by the *Washington Post* every morning. The *Star-News* declared: "The latest 'white papers' from the White House—which, incidentally, probably constitute the last gasp of 'Operation Candor'—contain no conclusive proof of innocence or guilt." No conclusive proof. No decisive moment. □

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SPECIAL REPORT

Southern Perspectives

JAMES BURNHAM

My wife and I, together, part of the space-time, with sundry members of our family, made a 4,500-mile southern swing over three and a half weeks that bracketed the holidays. We drove through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, to Asphodel Plantation in southern Louisiana's East Feliciana Parish (county), north of Baton Rouge, where we stayed Christmas week and New Year. After a couple of days in New Orleans we drove back to Connecticut through the same region but by a different trail. I here report some of the impressions gathered by the way.

The Energy Whatever-It-Is

No observer could doubt that the energy crisis has, as the phrase goes, captured the imagination of the public. In every local newspaper and broadcast, energy got the featured spots and a larger coverage than any other topic except sports. Even sports were getting tangled up in energy problems, as when the visitors swarming in New Orleans for the New Year's Eve Sugar Bowl encounter were told there might not be gas enough the next day for the trip home.

The "energy" under mass focus in these southern parts meant gasoline. Direct experience indicates that, so far as gasoline goes, the crisis is more gruesome in rhetoric than in fact. Before we started, friends had marveled at our boldness as if we had been setting out for a month's Arctic journey with a fortnight's provisions. Actually, once we had left the New York-New England area, we had no trouble buying a tankful. However, one energy vector did become obtrusive: the daily jump in the price.

Reflecting on the combined gasoline phenomena we were witnessing—the saturation campaign in the media about the dire threats of the shortage; the official summons to austerity; the mounting price; the de facto presence of a sufficiency—it occurred to me that what the authorities may really be trying to do is to bring gasoline demand into line with a moderately decreased gasoline supply by joining price rationing to a psychological terror campaign.

Whatever the truth about the energy crisis, nearly everyone I talked to was convinced there is something phony about it. According to the most favored explanations, a pseudocrisis was trumped up by Nixon in order to divert attention from Watergate, or by the big oil companies to raise prices and profits, or by Nixon and the companies working in cahoots. No one blamed the Mideast war or the Arab governments. The almost universal skepticism was buttressed by references to refineries running all out and tankers waiting at the docks for lack of storage space. However, the taproot of the skepticism is, I think, a generalized popular distrust of *anything* that big shots say.

The concern of the mass of citizens for the gasoline that is the lifeblood of their cars is intense but not obsessive. Many intellectuals lick their lips over the gasoline part of the energy crisis as they inform us that "Americans are going to have to change their lifestyle"—meaning, the *canaille* are going to have to cut down most of their driving around and all those vulgarities connected therewith. "Lifestyle" suggests that driving a car of your own is a fad or fashion that could be changed like a fashion in clothes or sports or entertainment. This is more or less so for the inhabitants of some of the oldest and largest cities, who could lose their private cars without too great a trauma. And it is also true that an appreciable portion of the driving of ordinary citizens everywhere is an expression of what could properly be called "lifestyle" rather than strict necessity. It is not strictly necessary to take the car to visit a neighbor two blocks down the street or to roam the freeways drinking cans of beer. But anyone who takes a long crosscountry trip by car can verify that the automobile—not bus or truck, but the family gasoline-fueled car—is an integral, essential component of our economic and social structure.

From Asphodel, the nearest grocery store was seven miles away, and the nearest with a stock above subsistence, 25. The big paper mill on the river drew its employees from a radius of 50 miles. As you drive along the highways in the mid and deep South (and in the Midwest and West too) you pass elegant factories surrounded only by open fields, ten miles from the nearest town. It is often hard to tell town from nontown: the commercial strips continue as lines of irregularly separated houses that merge in time into another strip. There is a certain amount of the plodding, Washington-financed renewing of urban centers, but the dynamic, freely chosen business construction going on in Meridian, Miss. or Bristol, Tenn. or Selma, Ala.—and there is lots of it—is founded, like the industrial plants in nowhere, on the automobile, and the availability of the automobile's gasoline, as first premise.

Driving of private cars includes so much surplus that it could be moderately decreased without major social disturbance. We could perhaps adjust to a gradual phaseout over a generation or two. But a cut that was large, abrupt, and lasting would most certainly wreck our social and our economic structure. The mass of citizens know this in their bones if not in their heads—that is why they are so occupied with gasoline right now, and why, I am convinced, they will not tolerate a major cutback in their gasoline. Neither war nor revolution will be felt too high a price to pay to have gas in their tanks. Many wars have been fought for sillier reasons.

Watergate Recess

Though Watergate is down, it is not yet out. There were Watergate stories or columns in every local paper and news broadcast, and everyone was ready to talk Watergate. In public and in private there was much speculation about impeachment and resignation. There was no speculation, though, about whether Nixon is "guilty." Just about everyone took for granted that he is guilty of an attempted coverup, that he knew in advance of the more important horrors, and that he initiated many of them at least in general plan.

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The issue in most citizens' minds is not, "Is the President guilty?" but, "Granted the President's guilt, what is best for the country, for my political grouping, and for me personally to do about it?"

The deep South voted for Nixon, but this personal choice has not been translated into a Republican majority, emerged or emerging. (In Louisiana, only 3 per cent of the voters are registered Republican.) The fullest discussion I had about Watergate was with the political leader of a Louisiana Parish, an informed conservative who had an active role in bringing out the big Nixon vote in 1972.

He began with a statement in the form of a question: "It's the media, isn't it, that's responsible for this Watergate business?" As it turned out, he was not asserting the Ron Ziegler doctrine that the media invented Watergate (I use the term in its broadest coverage), but the reasonable view that Watergate could not have become a nation-dividing issue without the media's relentless campaign. "Our voters here," he said, "were for Nixon in the election, but this daily pounding from the media has worn them down. They've turned against Nixon. Not over to Kennedy or any of the Democrats in Washington. Nearly all of them have swung to Wallace. And the damage to the country and to conservatives in both parties is going to get worse until this whole thing gets cleared up." He did not specify any proposal for the clearing, but as he went on it was easy to guess that if his fairy godmother showed up, his first wish would be that Richard M. Nixon should spontaneously evaporate.

A Note on the Peculiar Problem

Last summer, reporting a trip to the mid South, I generalized from a set of observations: "The larger, impersonal, cosmopolitan, bureaucratic institutions and operations, the big corporations, like the vast bureaucratic and military apparatus of the imperial state, are becoming racially integrated. In their personal, social, and cultural life, the races go pretty much their own way."

What I saw in this trip to the deep South fitted, generally speaking, that pattern, although the lines were, it seemed to me, less clearly formed—partly, perhaps, because on average the blacks in the deep South are manifestly behind those in the mid South in education, training, and drive as well as in jobs and income level.

I talked to the owner of a sizable plantation that has been in his family since the eighteenth century. ("Plantation" is an outmoded word. A working plantation is what is elsewhere called a farm or ranch.) He told me that in 1945 40 black families were living and working on his land. In the years immediately following the war, all of these families left, most to California, a few to Detroit or New York. Today no blacks are left; the work is done by a relatively small number of whites and machines. This was, of course, an episode in the vast postwar agricultural revolution which, in the South, replaced black field workers with machines. But what surprised me was to learn that in this case it did not seem to be the machines that had driven out the blacks, but the vacuum left by departing blacks that had sucked in the machines. And contrary to the common idea of good-for-nothing blacks heading for the Northern welfare fleshpots, his story suggested that in the deep South it may often have been the more vigorous and ambitious blacks who first saw what was coming and headed, like earlier immigrants, toward new pastures.

Bon Appetit

I want to include a counterword to the assertions made from time to time in *NR* that you can't buy a decent meal traveling around this country. I attest that good food is available in many regions if you know how to find it.

In North Carolina, for example, there are scores of unpretentious restaurants (or cafés, as small restaurants are often called on the road) that serve admirable home-cooked meals: country ham, nonfactory chicken, black-eyed peas, turnip greens, chess or grasshopper pie, redeye gravy, good and unusual salads, fresh biscuits and muffins. In most of the South, breakfasts are superb for anyone who can defy the calories. Asphodel breakfast was at a large kitchen table, with perfect versions of the classical grits and country ham and sausage and fresh eggs and local fruit preserves and the incomparable hot biscuits that only Southerners can make.

In Louisiana's Cajun country—the bayou district west of New Orleans where the French Acadians, expelled by the British from Nova Scotia in the eighteenth century, finally came to rest—the food is good almost anywhere. Cajun cooking centers around the crawfish unique to the area and rice combined into gumbos and *étouffé* (rice smothered in a wonderful mixture of crawfish, shrimp, oysters, and miscellaneous other seafoods with onion, garlic, hot spices, tomatoes, and whatever else is at hand), and myriad seafood combinations. Cajun food, though cruder, overlaps the true Creole cooking found in most of southern Louisiana and up the Mississippi to Natchez, at its highest levels as good as any of the world's cuisines.

You must also adjust properly to the names. Mom & Pop's, a cafeteria serving the workers in a couple of small furniture factories off a main road in North Carolina, gave us a faultless lunch for $1.50, All You Can Eat. A big, lively restaurant on the shore of False River (a bed of the Mississippi that got pinched off into a lake) was called Ralph & Tacoo's, and its seafood dinners—with not a frozen speck on any plate—were an unshaded pleasure. At Pat's, built over the stretch of bayou that was Pat's crawfish farm, we each had a dozen wonderful Louisiana oysters with the ice cold beer Southerners insist on. Even in the asphalt wasteland at the crossroads of I-78 and the Pennsylvania Turnpike, discreet inquiry located Sunnyside, which turned out to be Greek and produced a first-class Greek salad with the proper *feta* and Kalamata olives, splendid Chesapeake Bay crab meat, and cold *retsina.*

Some of the great New Orleans restaurants have been spoiled by excess tourism, but you can still eat as well there as anywhere. Louisiana coffee, with just the right amount of chicory in it, is perfect at breakfast with the little square *beignets* (a sort of French doughnut) if the grits and ham and biscuits are forbidden. What could have made a better lunch than the oysters, fresh trout meunière (or for some of us, Marguery), fresh-cooked bread, and Muscadet that we had at Galatoire? And our dinner the last night at Brennan's was better in every respect—in the pleasantness of the surroundings and the amiability and skill of the waiter as well as the quality of the food—than anything I have found for years in a New York restaurant. □

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TWENTY YEARS AGO, *Playboy*'s first issue hit the newsstands. Now a photo review of the Playmates reminds one of the magazine's lean years. Few girls, and fewer pretty ones, were willing to pose nude in those days. The first issue featured Marilyn Monroe in the famous calendar poses of *her* lean years, rights to which, as all the world must know by now, Hugh Hefner had bought for peanuts; and in subsequent issues, the *pretty* Playmates were often called upon to do encores. One, in fact, was Playmate of the Month three times, and also served as the magazine's subscription editor.

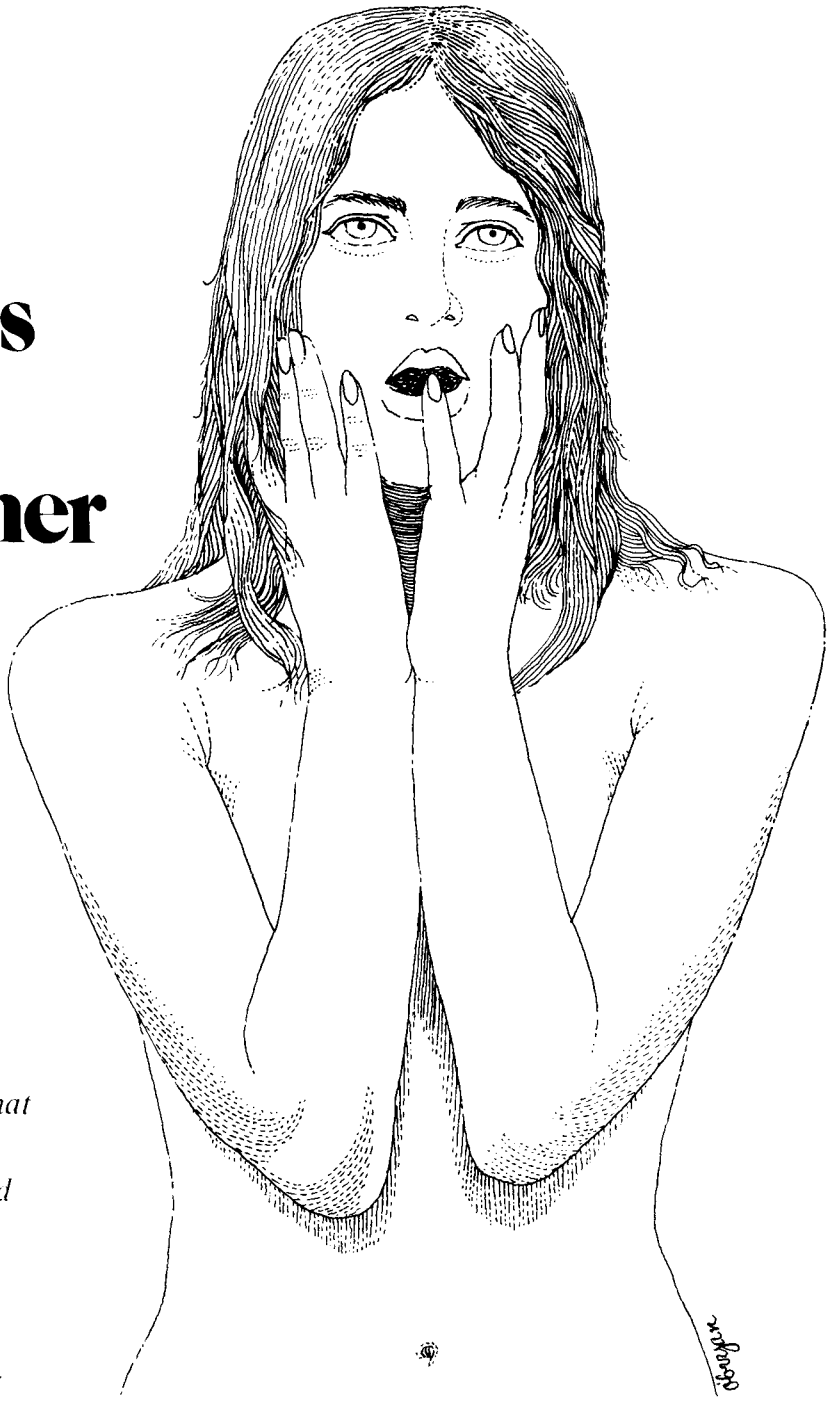
Despite the girl-next-door aura that helped make the Playmates famous, many of them, in those early days, had a rather self-conscious fallen woman look about them; rather like the girls in other girlie mags, like *Rogue* and *Dude*. You know the pose: breasts thrust forth, tummy sucked in, legs coyly crossed—and the face, oh the face! What it lacked in beauty, it made up in ardor and mascara. Come hither, reader, it said—chin up, mouth open, tongue between bared teeth, eyes half open but gazing right at *you*, mister, and yes it said yes—though she looked like a girl who, off camera, chewed gum and said yeah, that Playmate of yore.

If the Playmates have changed, the captions have changed more. They have always been aloof, but they used to be more humorous. Though Gloria, or whoever, might look ecstatic with desire for the reader, the caption would just ignore that, according her instead something of the detached admiration that is the meed of fine horseflesh—she was described in fancy phrases like "amply endowed,"

Inside Playboy

The Sage and Serious Doctrine of Hugh Hefner

M. J. SOBRAN JR.



Fain would I something to say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity.

—MILTON

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"pulchritudinous," "cantilevered," and "39-21-35." The jocose circumlocution was necessary, for *Playboy*'s specialty is not merely sex but also attitudinizing about sex, putting it in a comforting setting of sophisticated camaraderie.

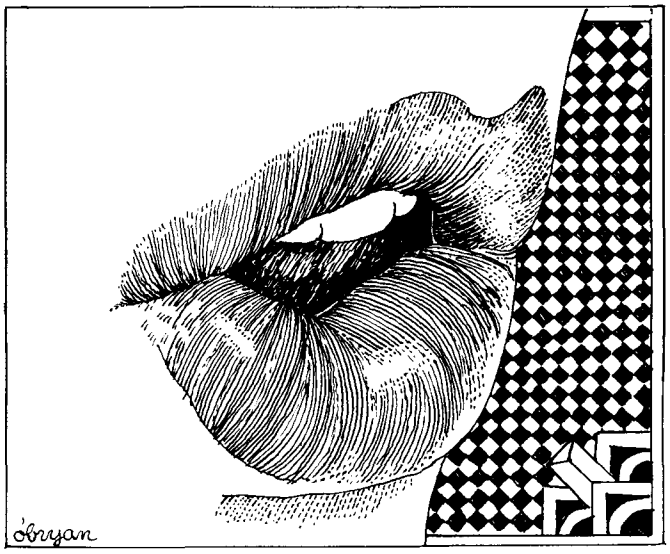
The difficulty of writing texts for such pictures is greater than one might assume. Try it. What can you say: "The reader will note that Gloria has huge knockers"? No. No! You have to be more elegant than that, or why say anything? And *Playboy* has this compulsion to say *something*. It has, easily, the largest words/knockers ratio in the history of girlie magazines, and that ratio helps account for its success.

Playboy, after all, is about success. It's almost a success manual in the guise of a girlie mag. And success means more than prosperity: it means *respectable* prosperity. "What sort of man reads *Playboy*?" the ads run. "A young man on a direct course to success." Young men can look to *Playboy* for all-around savoir faire: it shows them not only what to wear, but what to say, and (not least, in a society so devoted to verbal one-upmanship) what to sneer at (bluenoses and Nixon are among the safest targets). It's easy to scoff that the Playboy Philosophy wouldn't sell without the nudes; the point is that the nudes wouldn't have sold nearly so well without the philosophy.

That philosophy—consenting adults and so forth—is by now widely accepted as respectable, if not simply axiomatic. What other porno magazine could feature panel discussions on ethics, with photos of the earnest, thoughtful faces of Ivy League theologians? (Not too long ago it would have been thought indecorous for a clergyman to show his face in even such harmless men's magazines as *True* and *Esquire*.) It is fairly common, nowadays, to hear Catholics, even priests, say they don't want to "impose" their "views" on the rest of society, not even their "views" on whether a human fetus is a human being. That so many people should think their own deepest convictions are merely "subjective" is a measure of Hugh Hefner's . . . success.

Playboy is paradoxically inhibited by its own libertinism. When, in a survey of current porn films, Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson tried to put his foot down, there was nowhere to put it

The philosophy is no longer a regular part of the magazine, but it is briefly reformulated here and there: "Not coercing or injuring others is, we believe, essential to a free society. Beyond that minimum, we view morality as an individual matter, a highly personal belief in what is right or wrong." And it pops up in occasional editorials, like the one that scolded the Supreme Court for its obscenity ruling: "The obscene is a subjective concept, existing only in the minds of the beholders . . ."—the sort of sentence that will at last drive a teacher of freshman composition to leap from a bridge, though it is always uttered triumphantly, with obvious confidence that it cannot be answered. Moreover, the same editorial affirms, "there are ultimately 200,000,000



qualified judges of obscenity in the U.S. and . . . each has a right to his opinion," raising the question: what can "qualified" possibly mean? or "obscenity"? or "right"?

The difficulties are plain enough, and I don't mean to belabor them. But *Playboy* is not even consistent. State laws making fornication a crime, for instance, are "a shock to the conscience." An odd way for *Playboy* to put it: *the* conscience? How does *the* conscience differ from all those "personal," "individual," "subjective" consciences? Is there a Higher Law obligating Rhode Island to let its citizens rut at their pleasure?

I'm being silly now, of course, because what is important about such a remark as I have just quoted is not its substance, but the act of making it. Any young man on a direct course to success knows the value of gestures, including the occasional gesture of by-God indignation. *Playboy* knows what to shake a fist at, as well as what to sneer at. There are fashions in morals as in everything else, and the magazine's trend-setting instincts are so good you'd swear that men of the cloth were as eager to pose for it as the girls are.

Still, *Playboy* has to be careful how it gets indignant; it is paradoxically inhibited by its own libertinism. When, in a survey of current porn films, Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson tried to put his foot down, there was nowhere to put it. Straight and even gay films were okay with him, but films of bestiality (Linda Lovelace's leading males, it transpires, aren't always humans) and sex with children were, he said, "weirdo junk" which "even dedicated swingers" "might" find "hard to stomach." He didn't go so far as to call for police action, or even to speak of a "shock to the conscience" (Williamson is no bluenose). He couldn't: he could only sniff, mustering up the withering contempt of the tastemaker, that kiddie and doggie sex are sort of infra dig, or infra dog, as the case may be. Weirdo junk indeed, frowned on by the right people.

Inhibitions have fettered even the captions of late; so that, ironically, as the pictures have grown more explicit, the captions seem to be trying to change the subject. *Playboy* has been sensitive to the charge that all that "amply endowed" stuff reduced women to sex objects, and accordingly

Joe Sobran commutes to NR *from Michigan. By commercial plane.*

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Gloria or whoever is now discussed strictly as a Human Being, and pictures of her ample endowments are accompanied by straight-faced texts about her PhD candidacy, or her aspirations as an actress. A recent issue featured Sacheen Littlefeather, the alleged Apache who refused Brando's Oscar for him; the captions movingly described the formation of her social conscience. It seems she used to be ashamed of her Indian heritage. Then, four years ago . . . A remarkable human being, Miss Littlefeather. To speak of her as "cantilevered" would be a shock to the conscience.

The magazine's "native" prose is wearyingly jejune, like the captions. The film reviews, for instance, aim at a tone that is both hip and authoritative, trying hard to sound as if they must be taken seriously; the reviewer never fails, even in the one-paragraph review, to glance self-consciously back over the director's *oeuvre*, just so you know he knows there's an *oeuvre* back there—he seems to be writing to gain the approval, or at least to escape the contempt, of better critics, rather than to guide the reader. The overworked adjectives—"provocative," "controversial," "masterful"—bespeak the reviewer's feeling that he must somehow deliver a verdict he doesn't really know how to reach. And this feeling is the natural result of *Playboy*'s doctrine that "value judgments" are "subjective," like sexual preferences. If there are indeed 200,000,000 "qualified" judges of obscenity, nobody is really more qualified than anyone else, and no rational aesthetics is possible. *Playboy*'s taste in movies, books, and music, as in women, is bound to be shallow and watery; "respectable."

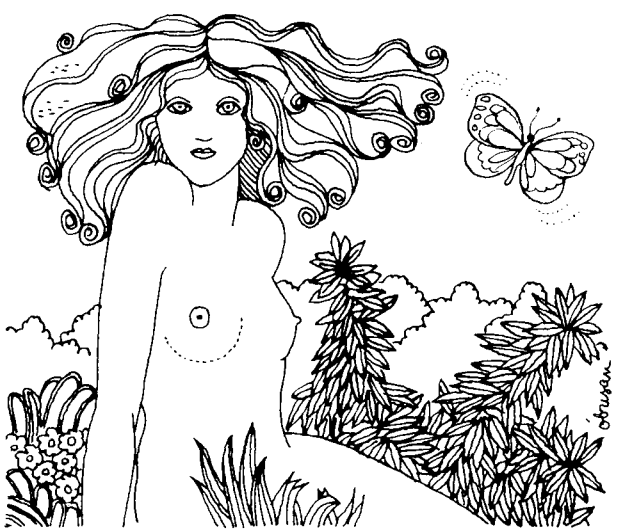
If there are indeed 200,000,000 "qualified" judges of obscenity, nobody is really more qualified than anyone else, and no rational aesthetics is possible

"My taste in women," says Hefner in an interview in *Playboy*'s twentieth anniversary issue, "isn't exactly a personal aberration; it happens to be shared with some 26,000,000 *Playboy* readers." That is the remark of a man waiting in line at the world's biggest gangbang. Tom Wolfe has observed that Hefner is "king of the status dropouts"—he couldn't have, and didn't aspire to, conventional respectability, despite his enormous success, and so he has created his own society, his own world, centered around the Playboy Mansion in Chicago, complete with its own ideology (the Playboy Philosophy). Hefner doesn't even think of himself as a businessman primarily (he says businessmen tend to bore him), but as a cultural force—perhaps it's more accurate to say, a countercultural force. A liberal, but the friend of radicals. He proudly claims friendships with Martin Luther King, Jesse Jackson, Lenny Bruce, Linda Lovelace; and his name-dropping earns him a sort of respectability-by-association. *Playboy* even carries relatively udderless pictorials of parties at the Mansion, just so you can see that Hefner does enjoy a certain status, that he moves among celebrities—but only celebrities of culture.

Ironically, Hefner is just the sort of masscult figure who must be disowned by the intelligentsia who aspire to *real* respectability. So *Rolling Stone* has lately put him down, hilariously, and so has Garry Wills, subtly. Though Hefner says *Playboy* is, literarily and otherwise, the best magazine in the whole world, Wills, a frequent contributor himself, pooh-poohs such talk and says it's simply the best girlie mag ever, period. Wills is the kind of urbane soothsayer who helps give it what quality it has; his contempt is barometric, and seems not to have gotten him in Dutch with the magazine, which now features him more often, and more prominently, than it did before his backhanded tribute.

Despite his outspoken "Gospel" Catholicism, Wills makes it clear that he thinks *Playboy*, if not meritorious, at least innocuous. "I have nothing against nipples," he says, defining the issue with his usual precision. But he could be worse: he could be Harvey Cox. A few years after his famous attack on *Playboy* (in his book *The Secular City*), Cox underwent the most remarkable conversion since Saul set out for Damascus, and published in its pages a synthesis of Playboy Philosophy and kerygma. Jesus, he announced, "was *not* an ascetic," but a social revolutionary who loathed prudes, was indulgent toward "what some considered to be . . . adultery," and was, after all, the guy who supplied the "booze" at the Cana wedding. Besides, Cox said suggestively, who knows what he did between the ages of 12 and 30? Needless to say, Cox also charged that the churches have systematically distorted Christ's message—a theme as congenial to *Playboy* (and as gracious to his own co-religionists) as Wills's sneers at Catholic priests as "mass-produced eunuch servants to the church bureaucracy." How sublime to hear these two discourse on the Church's prophetic mission of rebuking a sinful world!

THE general banality of *Playboy* reflects the banality of Hefner himself. This is made obvious in the long interview in the anniversary issue, an interview which took six months to compile and edit, and whose fruits include *aperçus* like this: "Open, healthy sexuality requires that we not be ashamed of our own bodies." And this: "I think nationalism is a dangerously outmoded idea, and we ought to start thinking of ourselves as one people living on this little planet together." And furthermore: The Supreme Court's ruling on obscenity was "totalitarian," and liberals who aren't up in



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arms about it are "being very shortsighted, and they remind me, quite frankly, of the good citizens of Germany who felt it didn't have anything to do with *them* if the Jews had their rights taken away." (Linda Lovelace said the decision reminded her of Hitler, coincidentally.)

Playboy's anonymous editors, however, are well pleased with the interviewer: "He saw all of this complex man's facets and explored, more thoroughly than we dared hope, his thinking." And the interviewer is well pleased with his subject: being in Hefner's presence, he says, is "a forceful, funny, absolutely extraordinary experience. Like his legend [what legend?], Hefner is larger than life, [an] elusive, contradictory, sometimes maddening, sometimes just mad genius," who has "all the facility and polish of an uncommonly shrewd politician," and, but for his "tremendous reserve," "could be a very successful stand-up comic"; moreover, "in many ways, he is an even more remarkable figure than his legend [*what* legend?]. . . . The man is 47, but his energy is staggering . . . his powers of concentration are—well—overwhelming. . . . His mind is so quick, so totally focused . . . an incredibly compelling personality . . ." He despairs of getting the full impact of his experience on paper.

Hefner, for his part, tells us that his salient qualities are "idealism" and "skepticism of bullshit," implanted in him by his parents, and nourished by films like *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, films about heroic loners who question the accepted " 'truths' "; whence his own sense of mission about challenging " 'truths' " like the one that says it's naughty to go around without any clothes on, and his indignation against those good-German liberals who won't march against the gas ovens with him. "In the liberal's history book," Willmoore Kendall has written, "it is always Socrates and the Assembly, always Socrates who is 'right' and the persecuting multitude that is wrong. Always, therefore, Socrates must be *saved*, retrospectively and prospectively, from the Assembly, which *ex hypothesi* brooks no disagreement with its 'truths,' and forever thirsts for the blood of those who presume to disagree with it." To the liberal, ordering society rightly means, finally, insuring that "Socrates can *go on talking*." Or selling feelthy postcards. Or otherwise participating in that great process of self-subversion that is the Good Society.

What of Hefner the man? Overcoming his tremendous reserve, he confides to his 26,000,000 readers that his success has enabled him "to get laid a lot"

But enough of Hefner the thinker. What of Hefner the man? Overcoming his tremendous reserve, he confides to his 26,000,000 readers that his success has enabled him "to get laid a lot." And yes, "I've been personally involved with a number of our Playmates over the years. . . . There does seem to be a rather high correlation between our most popular Playmates and those who have been most important to me personally." (So *that's* the legend.) The same issue features pictures of past Playmates, with captions telling you which have been the most popular.

Hefner's own brand of conspicuous consumption appears in the way *Playboy* frequently shows his favorite . . . consenting adult . . . Barbi Benton. The first time, five years ago (back in the days when Sacheen Littlefeather was still ashamed of her Indian heritage), she was introduced as "Rising Star Barbi Benton," naked. Though she has so far risen only to minor appearances on *Hee Haw*, clad, the magazine continues to display her with a rather pathetic doggedness; somewhat like Orson Welles, as Kane, insisting that his poor bride *shall* be an opera star. The parallel isn't exact; Hefner's devotion seems unlikely to consume Barbi; and of course they aren't married (Barbi calls it a "mutual discovery relationship," or something). Still, the whole Barbi thing, like the interview, shows the extent to which *Playboy* is given to indulging Hefner's private vanities.

HEFNER says that *Playboy*'s cultural impact means more to him than all the money he has made—and no doubt he means it. He is proud of the rich variety of contributors he collects; the anniversary issue offers stories and articles by Nabokov, Bellow, Updike, Galbraith, O'Faolain, Wills, and others, boasting: "Never let it be said that *Playboy* does not serve the whole man." And what sort of whole man reads *Playboy*? Again, the ad answers: "A man for whom success is no accident. . . . And this man's life has many facets. Not surprisingly, he finds all of them reflected in his favorite magazine," his multifarious appetites conveniently ministered to by the juxtaposition of Vladimir Nabokov and Barbi Benton. The sort of man who, before there was *Playboy*, subscribed to both *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Dude*.

The sort of man, at any rate, who likes to think all those things true of himself. My guess is that *Playboy*'s typical reader is like Hefner himself: self-consciously tasteless. He buys it because it gives him not only what he likes, but also —flatteringly—those things he feels he *ought* to like, even if he doesn't. Taste, of course, means more than just liking the Right Things; it means a sense of the fitness of things, that intelligent instinct which, if he had it, would prevent Hefner from publishing, e.g., nude shots of his beloved Barbi (though this may be his idea of gallantry), the fawning of some of his own staff (in the context of which even his modest remarks heighten, rather than diminish, the comedy of self-congratulation), and a "philosophy" which tears sexuality out of the social order (thereby reducing it to sterile rutting), and which denies, in its inability to distinguish between the erotic and the aesthetic, the very possibility of taste (thereby reducing art and literature to the status of trivial and extraneous adornments of life, rather than creative and ordering activities). "If a bull could speak," says Dr. Johnson, "he might as well exclaim, 'Here I am with this cow and this grass; what being can enjoy better felicity?' " Hefner is an oddly deferential bull in the china shop of culture; a bull, indeed, who collects china. And whatever a Nabokov may be in himself, to a Hefner, and to the sort of man who reads *Playboy*, he can be no more than a fancy piece of bric-a-brac—like a plaster of paris Rodin, sitting off there in the corner, imparting an incongruous hint of class to the gaudy mansion of the most pretentious meatpacker in all Chicago. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Militants' Aim: Marxist Revolution

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

BRITAIN is now in a highly dramatic condition—"on the edge of a precipice" has been a favorite metaphor during these past few weeks. Almost everybody agrees about the danger, but there is no agreement—and not even much confident guessing—about how things are likely to turn out.

Across the Channel, Britain's new partners in the European Economic Community (and that merger isn't going so well either) watched in astonishment as the incomprehensible British made a catastrophe out of an oil shortage which, for them, was simply an inconvenience.

By the end of this decade, the newly discovered North Sea oil fields should render Britain more nearly self-sufficient in her sources of energy than any other European nation. But, in the meanwhile, an unholy combination of Arab oil sheiks with militant British coal miners, train drivers, and electrical engineers is producing a major crisis. The unions, with absolutely no regard for the effect on the national economy, have taken various forms of "industrial action" in an attempt to break "Stage III" of the government's prices-and-incomes policy. The result is a lack of coal for the power stations, a lack of trains to carry such coal as is produced, and a lack of engineers to operate sophisticated power-saving systems.

The suddenness of the blow was startling. One moment, Prime Minister Edward Heath and his colleagues, having leaned over backward to appease the Arabs, were going up and down the country, scoffing at fears and boasting that all was well and getting better; "prophets of boom," as a critic sourly described them. Next moment, Mr. Heath appeared on television, looking just like Humpty Dumpty, and announced a severe austerity program.

The entire country was virtually put on half-time; until the miners' strike ended, factories and shops and offices would be allowed to use electricity only three days a week. Electric heating had already been forbidden, except in the home. Television would have to close down at 10:30 each night. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, a shivering British public was told, would shortly announce a grim "minibudget."

Some, though by no means all, of the union leaders had intended to produce this kind of chaos. Communist influence, particularly in the miners' union, is strong. The militants' real object, as they said quite frankly, was not just to get more money but to destroy the Conservative government as a step on the road to complete social change; that is, to a Marxist revolution.

THE Labor Party was torn. The left wing (which has been more or less in control lately) was quite prepared to back the strikers: but Harold Wilson saw the danger of letting his party be too closely linked, in the public mind, with union militancy and a blatant extraparliamentary attack on the elected government. So the Labor Party's official policy is not to oppose the emergency measures, but to call for conciliation (meaning surrender to the unions) and to blame the Conservative government for having allowed this appalling situation to arise.

Quite a lot of Conservatives privately agree that what has happened is largely the government's fault. Defeated by the previous miners' strike and frightened by an increase in unemployment, Mr. Heath's government had abandoned any serious effort to check the underlying causes of inflation, opting instead for a hopeless attempt to outrun inflation with a policy of "growth at any price."

The arithmetic of this policy made no sense. The maximum growth which could have been achieved this year was 3.5 to 4 per cent; but the money supply was being inflated by 20 to 30 per cent, and the miners had already been offered a wage increase of 16 per cent. It hardly required a mathematical genius to see what the consequence must be. In a sense, the Arabs and the union militants have got Mr. Heath off the hook. His disaffected followers (of whom there were many) have little choice now but to rally behind him: and—for a while at least—the country may well do the same.

The Chancellor's "minibudget" proved nowhere near as harsh as expected. It imposed credit restrictions but no new taxes—except for a couple of routine swipes at property developers (who are today's most fashionable villains) and the "rich," who for no reason except the gratification of envy must now pay a surcharge on their last year's tax bill. The main cuts fell on public expenditure—including, unfortunately, defense.

The commentators, now in a thoroughly masochistic mood, lamented that the "minibudget" had not been tough enough. More taxes—to "soak up purchasing power"—would have to be imposed soon, they said. And the letter columns of the London *Times*, no less than its editorials, were filled with expressions of middle class guilt, calls to sacrifice, and schemes for the redistribution of wealth.

It may be, as the liberals all believe, that the rethinking provoked by this crisis will mean a permanent shift leftward, toward more egalitarianism and more economic planning. On the other hand, this might just conceivably be a turning point in the opposite direction, the moment when people finally lose patience with industrial wreckers, greedy unions, and feebly collectivist governments (see "On the Right").

Enoch Powell and other believers in a free market but a properly controlled money supply have a good case for saying that they've been proved right. The government has constantly evaded, rather than met, their arguments.

Perhaps this is, as apocalyptically minded commentators suggest, the end of an era, or at least the beginning of the end. More likely it is merely the latest in a series of jolting shocks, each of which loosens the social and economic structure a bit more. Everybody seems to believe that, when the smoke clears, the landscape will have changed. The question is—in what way? □

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s British correspondent.*

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AID-IN-KIND PROGRAMS

What Ever Happened to the Welfare Crisis?

ANTHONY DOLAN

When the late Charles Wiley quit his militant National Welfare Rights Organization, he made the refreshing admission that he couldn't get the air time he once easily commanded. It was a reminder that welfare was recently the "crise du jour" —hardhats hated "welfare chiselers," newsweeklies ran ominous predictions about "spiraling costs," Nixon pitched "workfare," and Wiley was all over the tube.

There were, too, occasional policy statements from the liberal community: Jule Sugarman, Welfare Commissioner of New York City, hotly denounced a state report alleging waste in his administration, Mayor John Lindsay called Senator Ribicoff's suggestion that welfare recipients clean New York's dirty streets a "proposal from the dark ages," and many past admirers of Mario Savio rediscovered propriety and limits to free speech when Johnny Cash wanted to sing his satirical "Welfare Cadillac" at the White House.

It has all changed now. The relief rolls leveled off, even declined. Nixon's FAP died (though there are rumors of a politically inspired resurrection). In California, Reagan and Weinberger proved something could be done about the spiraling costs. Even Commissioner Sugarman and Mayor Lindsay took to describing the steps taken to end welfare fraud and save New Yorkers millions. The acknowledgement of welfare waste by the Lindsays and Sugarmans —something they once habitually denied—is an indication of how public understanding of the problem has continued to grow, particularly now that the issue has lost its chic and the media types and ideologues have less opportunity to confuse.

There are notable advances in the area of research. As Patrick Moynihan observes in his lengthy but eminently worthwhile *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income*, much of the past debate over welfare was waged intuitively; there was a paucity of scientific evidence on either side. The Administration was continually frustrated, for example, during the formulation of FAP in its search for elementary data on welfare dependency. The research lag was due in no small part to ideological inhibitions. As Moynihan points out, essential studies of the causes of rising illegitimacy and desertion rates among black families were not undertaken in the Sixties largely because taboos forbade them. There was an attempt to romanticize the American Negro: anyone asking serious questions about welfare was often viewed suspiciously; one risked being called a racist or even, à la Senator Ribicoff, a medievalist.

There is no more dramatic or important evidence of the progress made since that period than a recent report by the Joint Subcommittee on Fiscal Policy of the Joint Economic Committee, chaired by Representative Martha Griffiths of Michigan, which examines the results of the Subcommittee's nationwide sampling of 1,059 poverty families in six low income areas in representative parts of the United States. It is in fact a landmark study, because for the first time it accounts for all public cash payments going to poor families (welfare, retirement, veterans benefits, etc.), but most importantly it also attaches a cash value to the noncash benefits poor families receive from a plethora of federal aid-in-kind programs (food stamps, day care, medicare, job training, medicaid, etc.) enacted by Congress in the past decade. This value is then counted along with the standard welfare cash benefits as part of total family income.

The results are startling. The Subcommittee found a) that many poverty families were receiving benefits from a wide variety of programs and b) the income levels of a sizable percentage exceeded the after-tax wages of workingmen.

Twenty per cent of the families receiving assistance were enrolled in five or more federal "service" programs; and their monthly incomes ranged from $306 to $676 (or $3,672 to $8,112 per year tax free)—substantially above the income of many working people. As the Subcommittee pointed out: "These tax-free benefits exceed the median wage levels for full-time workingmen, which range from $303 to $502 in the five urban areas."

The implications are obvious: for many welfare families more income can be derived from public assistance than from useful work. The Subcommittee report read on this point: "The sizable average benefits going to these households indicate that many of them are better off now than they would be if they derived all of their income from wages, given the wage level at which their members would find employment and the social security and income taxes that would have to be paid from those wages."

The scientific nature of the survey and the fact it was published by a congressional committee whose reputation is far from conservative will influence policymakers who might previously have dismissed such views as right wing. Certainly one major repercussion will involve a reappraisal of past estimates of poverty in the United States. Each year, the Census Bureau uses the federal poverty guidelines to determine the percentage of the population living in poverty; 13 per cent has been the figure in recent years. The method used in arriving at this figure has been widely criticized for some time: the Bureau often counts as poor those who live comfortably but whose income is not derived strictly from wages and salaries; it makes little provision for the distinction in the cost of living in various parts of the country; it uses as its measure of inflation the consumer price index, an index that pushes up the poverty estimates by including the price of such goods as new automobiles, beauticians' fees, monogramed napkins, and other items that bear little relation to the status of low income groups. It was the food price index, a more accu-

(Continues on page 154)

Mr. Dolan saw truth and light at Yale, '70.

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RUSSIANS

What happens when a young American editor meets four Soviet political types, and very impolitely brings up very embarrassing subjects. Like massacres. And freedom

One Big Happy Family

JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

"We understand our two countries have different approaches to some problems, and that is why I think we should explain our positions—to establish man-to-man contact"—Andrei Filippov, official of the Committee of Youth Organizations of the USSR, quoted in the Savannah *(Ga.)* Morning News, *explaining the purpose of the meeting between young American and Soviet political leaders.*

MY OPPORTUNITY to establish "man-to-man" contact with the Soviets and explain "our positions" came when I was invited to attend a State Department sponsored conference of young American and Soviet political leaders at Saint Simons, Georgia. I of course accepted, and it was with great enthusiasm that I awaited my first contact with a Russian as our double-decker, English touring bus pulled into the King and Prince Beach Hotel late one Sunday night. I soon met Andrei Girenko, First Secretary of the Ukraine Komsomol Committee, member of the Komsomol Central Bureau, Deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the Ukrainian SSR and, unknown to me at the time, head of the Soviet delegation to the conference.

"Who are you?" he asked through the interpreter as we shook hands. I explained that I was editor of the Republican Party's official publication *Monday*, sort of the GOP's version of *Pravda* and *Izvestia* combined, with one significant difference: in the United States there were publications available other than mine published by the ruling party. Ignoring this initial needle, Girenko, unsmiling, asked "What does your publication do for youth?" Well, I explained, there is nothing in the publication specifically aimed at youth, but a good many articles of interest to youth are run in every issue. Besides, I went on, my own personal philosophy leads me to look at persons as individuals and not as groups or masses or age groups; and I am moreover confused as to just what you mean by youth, since I have been told that one of your colleagues here at the conference is a 40-year-old bachelor who is editor of one of your national youth publications. So before I answer your question, what do you mean when you say youth?

Girenko listened to the translation and responded wearily: "Please tell Mr. Lofton to excuse my not answering tonight his sharp-pointed questions, but I have traveled far and am very tired." I said this was fine but (and here I winked and smiled at him) I did not want to hear any further excuses from him after he was rested. He smiled and nodded. Girenko neither spoke to me nor looked at me again for the duration of the conference.

Early the next day the nearly 50 of us—half Soviets, half Americans (of whom half were Democrats, half Republicans)—met in plenary session to discuss the four topics before the conference: Soviet-American relations, political parties, media in contemporary society, and youth in contemporary society. It was during this session that I first attacked statements with which I was in strong disagreement, statements made not by one of the Soviets but by James Jackson, a liberal Democrat, former UPI deputy bureau chief in Moscow, and presently a Nieman Fellow at Harvard.

In presenting his paper on the American press, Jackson viciously attacked American advertising, charging that it had "subverted" and "corrupted" the press by "repeated attempts . . . to influence its handling of news, attempts which often are successful." As an example, he said the American press had played down Ralph Nader's report on the unsafe nature of GM's Corvair "out of concern for its huge automobile advertising accounts."

Jackson, however, praised the diversity of the American press noting that if the *Washington Post* publishes an incorrect story, the *New York Times* is only "too happy" to expose the error of its rival newspaper.

Following Jackson's presentation, I asked for recognition and dissociated myself from certain statements he had made. I said I expected this sort of distortion and misunderstanding from our Soviet friends, but I found it shocking coming from one of our own.

First, I explained that I had been edi-

Mr. Lofton left Monday *to become a three-times-a-week national columnist.*

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tor of one paper and news editor of another, had studied the media quite extensively, and had never known of an instance where advertiser pressure resulted in a story's being either watered down or scrapped altogether. I asked Jackson for specifics. He leaned back in his chair and whispered that he would talk to me later about this. I said that I would like the information now since the charge was a serious one. He said he had no specifics.

As to the absurd charge that Ralph Nader had a difficult time getting his views across in our media, I said that with the exception of Richard Nixon, I knew of no one who commands the attention of the American media more than Nader. I pointed out that two investigators from Senator Abraham Ribicoff's office had recently concluded an in-depth investigation of Nader's allegations about the Corvair and found the substantive charges untrue. In retrospect, if the press is to be faulted regarding Nader, it is because they gave too much rather than too little credence to what he had to say.

I also asked Jackson for an example of the last time the *New York Times* corrected the *Washington Post*. Again, he had no specifics. I concluded by saying I thought Jackson's main problem was that he had been viewing the American media for too long from the Soviet Union. I expressed concern for Jackson's insulation from reality, noting that he was going from Moscow directly to Harvard.

Dramatis Personae

The next two days were to be spent in subcommission meetings. My subcommission, media in contemporary society, included Jackson, me, and three other Americans: Mrs. Janet Rodgers, our chairman, a former city councilwoman from Merriam, Kansas, who seemed determined to grin down the Soviets as Davy Crockett grinned down the bear (she liked to say, "some people believe today is for preserving yesterday; I believe today is for planning tomorrow"); Idaho State Senator Lee Barron, a big, hardline, rawboned man, who wore lumberjack shirts and told the Soviets things like: "It all boils down to this. If you leave me alone, then I'll leave you alone. But if you come over here, then I'm gonna fight you!"; and Wyche Fowler, an alderman from Atlanta who had been to the Soviet Union and wanted to deal with the Soviets on a "human level."

It also included three Soviets: Aleksei Nodiya, the 40-year-old bachelor and editor of the youth magazine *Rovesnik*; Dmitrii Biryukov, a top USSR television programing executive; and Oleg Tabakov, a good-humored actor (the Russian Charlton Heston), now director of the Moscow Theater *Sovremennik*. All three were hardliners.

I looked forward to the subcommission sessions because it was in these smaller sessions, I was told, that we would get down to basics. But it was not to be.

Early in our session, the Soviet Chairman, Nodiya, attempted a power play, announcing that the Soviets were interested in discussing four and only four topics, which he listed peremptorily.

Responding before Mrs. Rodgers could grin her assent, I explained while we understood their desire to talk about only those things that interested them, not all of us on the American side shared the Soviet interests completely, and to the extent that we did not, we would like to discuss other matters of interest to us.

We caucused and decided that we would respond individually to questions raised by the Soviets; then, when our turn came, each of us would raise the issue of interest to himself. Our method of operation was in sharp contrast to the Soviets'. Both in the plenary and in the smaller subcommission sessions, the Soviets had only one spokesman per issue, with no dissent within the delegation. The Americans, however, frequently raised different issues and criticized each other's views on the same subject.

When I asked one of the Soviets during a break why there was never any disagreement among them on anything, he said that there was, but that it was in private. He explained that they ironed out their differences prior to the meetings so that they could present a unified front. What sort of differences do you have in private? I asked. Only small ones, he replied. Was there any dissent from the idea that you should not disagree in public? I asked. The question did not come up, he said.

After we returned from our caucus, the Soviet chairman asked what it was we wanted to talk about now that they had stated their interests. When it came my turn, I said that I was interested not so much in what the Soviet media tell the people, as in what they do not tell the people. In other words, I'd like to talk about freedom of speech for writers and intellectuals in the Soviet Union, the access of minority viewpoints to the Soviet media, censorship in general, and things like that. For example, I concluded, I would like to read from a statement by Soviet author Anatolii Kuznetsov on why he left the USSR and have them respond to some of his statements.

Plot Line

Wellllllll, the Soviet chairman grimaced, these things are not of interest to us, they are really not on the subject of the conference, youth, but if we have time perhaps we will address ourselves to them.

The time did not arrive until the middle of the second and final day of our subcommission session, and when it did, the subject almost ended our meeting.

I began by reading a few sentences from Kuznetsov's 1969 statement:

> If I were now to find myself in the Soviet Union, I should go out of my mind. . . . My first work was published 25 years ago. In those 25 years, not a single one of my works has been printed in the Soviet Union as I wrote it. For political reasons, the Soviet censorship and the editors shorten, distort, and violate my works to the point of making them completely unrecognizable. Or they do not permit them to be published at all. . . . Because my writing appears in such an ugly, false, and misshapen form, I am ashamed to look people in the face.

Just as I was about to ask for the Soviets' reaction to this statement, the Soviet chairman broke in and heatedly denounced Kuznetsov as a "liar" and a "traitor" and denounced me for bringing the subject up, saying that as our guest he was personally offended that I had raised such a subject. (Tabakov the actor joined in, saying he had known Kuznetsov personally for many years and he was all the things Aleksei Nodiya was saying he was and more.)

Seeing that this line of questioning was getting nowhere fast, I switched to an earlier point raised by Mr. Barron, namely that Soviet Communism is aggressive and will use force to achieve its ends if all else fails. To support this charge, I quoted from an article by top Party functionary Boris Ponomarev in

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the October 1971 issue of the Central Committee's house organ, *Kommunist*. In the piece on Communist Parties in non-Communist countries, Ponomarev cites as one of their roles the pursuance of a "course toward the revolutionary liquidation of the capitalist system."

But before I asked for comments on this statement, I asked the Soviet chairman if Ponomarev was also a "liar" and a "traitor." Both of us, I told him, could save a lot of time if when a name was mentioned, the other would state immediately whether this person did or did not belong on the liar and traitor list.

Nodiya exploded, talking so fast the interpreter could barely keep up. It was highly insulting, he said, to compare Ponomarev with the scurrilous Kuznetsov. Because I had done this and obviously did not hold him in esteem, Nodiya added, he would not send me copies of his publication as he had promised. Then he took the piece of paper with my name and address on it and dramatically placed it in the center of the table.

TV executive Dmitrii Biryukov, coming to the aid of his colleague, said I shouldn't be so upset by the word "revolution." After all, American groups also use the word. As an example he cited the Daughters of the American Revolution.

After American delegates Jackson and Fowler dissociated themselves from my questions and things calmed down a bit, chairman Nodiya smiled, lit a cigarette, and said that if I did not really mean to compare Ponomarev with Kuznetsov, he would send me copies of his publication.

Smiling and nodding, I answered that since the most important thing in my life was to get his publication, I would withdraw not only the odious comparison but also all the things I had said the previous two and a half days. Nodiya smiled, retrieved my name and address from the middle of the table, and placed it back in his notebook.

During our subcommission sessions I had a couple of provocatively titled books by Robert Conquest lying on the table beside me: *The Great Terror*, a story of the Stalin purges, and *The Nation Killers*, a story of the Soviet deportation of nationalities. Dmitrii kept glancing at them and finally asked, "Are those about the Soviet Union?" I smiled and replied, "Of course not. It is a two-volume history of Swiss imperialism." He took *The Nation Killers*, flipped through it, and within 30 seconds had found a Soviet general whom he labeled "crazy" and said was in a mental institution. "This man killed thousands of our people," he said shaking his head. "Like your Mylai."

No, there were not thousands killed at Mylai, I corrected him. "More like Katyn Forest perhaps," I said, choosing the World War II massacre of Polish officers by the Soviets. He closed the book, handed it back to me, and said nothing more.

No Villains

When I raised the general subject of censorship in the Soviet media, Dmitrii said the Soviet press is "misunderstood" in the U.S., that there is no censorship. The only thing the Soviet censoring body—the *Glavlit*—keeps out of the press, he said, looking me straight in the eye, is "secret information, "pornography" and "anti-Soviet material."

As to just what constitutes "anti-Soviet material, this, as with many other things I was about to ask about, was a VCQ—"a very complex question," as Dmitrii replied.

When I told him many shows have run on American TV criticizing the Vietnam policy of the American government, and asked if Soviet TV had ever carried or would carry a program criticizing the Vietnam policy of the Soviet government, Dmitrii said that theoretically it was possible but none had ever run and would not be run because no one disagreed with the Vietnam policy of the Soviet government.

This led to a general discussion of minority viewpoints in the Soviet Union and what access they had to TV. Dmitrii did concede that not everyone in the USSR agreed on everything, but he could not think of any important issue on which there were many people in disagreement. As a matter of fact, he couldn't even think of an *un*important issue on which many people disagreed with the Soviet government position.

Still grappling with my question, Dmitrii went on to relate, with obvious pride, a long and rambling story, which he said showed how the Soviet media serve the people: This particular program opened with a reporter asking a woman leaving a store if she had gotten everything she wanted. No, she replied, she had been unable to purchase a certain type of laundry soap. The next scene showed the reporter interrogating the store manager who said he had not been supplied with enough of the soap to meet demands. The next scene showed the reporter giving the soap factory manager the third degree as to why he was not producing enough of the soap; the next scene was an interview with the Minister of Chemicals or whoever, who pledged that the quota for the particular type of laundry soap in question would be increased. The final scene showed the happy shopper with her soap.

When I explained to Dmitrii that this was not really the type of thing I was asking about, he looked crestfallen. What I wanted to know was: would the Soviet media have been as diligent in assisting this woman if she had asked for a different form of government rather than a certain type of laundry soap? Dmitrii answered instantly, "Nyet!"

The tragedy of the young Soviets' answers to most questions was not that they were consciously lying, but that they had in fact never before really thought about what it was that was being asked. If these are the Soviet leaders of the future, I am not very optimistic about the possibility of detente. After all, how do you deal with people who are more upset that you would *mention* there is very little freedom in their country than they are at the fact that there *is* very little freedom in their country? □

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

China and Europe

NOWADAYS Europeans wryly explain to each other that only naive optimists are still studying Russian; the realists have already bought Chinese grammars.

Nor are they merely being facetious. A perusal of the European conservative press reveals a tendency to act upon the old adage, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. This despite European conservatives' full awareness that the horrors of Mao Tse-tung's takeover were infinitely worse than those of Lenin's, and that a repetition of the Cultural Revolution with its barbaric cruelties is, in the light of recent developments, by no means out of the question, especially once Mao is dead. The struggle over who will succeed him is already well under way, and it is unlikely that the eventual winners will not attempt to purge their opponents.

Only two West European countries have no diplomatic relations with the "People's Republic": Portugal and Ireland, whose adherence to principle must be admired. This is especially true of Portugal, one of whose colonies, Macao, sits on China's coast like a mouse on a tiger's paw. Spain did not defect until 1972, when she finally succumbed to the tendency I have described, and decided the Soviet Union was more to be feared than Red China. Britain, in contrast, was one of the first to establish diplomatic relations with Red China, primarily on account of Hong Kong's precarious situation.

Germany's interest in Red China is also of long standing. Even when she was firmly in the grip of the Christian Democrats and closely allied with the United States, West Germany refrained from recognizing Free China and maintained unofficial contacts with Mao's empire through a Consul General in Hong Kong. After all, Germany has historically been Europe's chief student of geopolitics, and has always expected a Sino-Soviet split. In fact, the first book dealing with the likelihood of such a split was published in Germany, in the early 1950s. The author, a physician named Starlinger, had, because of some bureaucratic error, been kept prisoner in various "isolators" designed for the detention of dissident Soviet politicians, administrators, and Party bosses. There —in the Urals and in Siberia—Red China was regarded as the chief menace to the Soviet Union at a time when the West believed the tensions between the two Communist empires were primarily designed to fool the rest of the world.

Peking fully reciprocates the West's interest and is being active diplomatically in Europe and America. Chinese diplomats bluntly tell the Eastern European satellites that they are mere pawns of imperialist Moscow. The Poles are informed that their eastern border is an iniquity; the Germans are (easily) persuaded that Muscovite "colonialism" prevents their union; the Americans are given to understand that they will, one day, have to pay dearly for their policy of peaceful coexistence with the USSR. During his recent visit to London and Paris, the Red Chinese Foreign Minister, Chi Peng-fei, warned British and French statesmen that their notion of detente with the Soviet Union might lead to great dangers. He added that China would be happy if the United States were to strengthen NATO, and that it would be in the interest of the West to integrate politically and economically as fast as possible. At present, he said, the balance of power is gravely impaired and only a strong Western Europe could bring redress.

China's economic interests in Western Europe are no less important than her political and military interests—witness the remarkable expansion of the Red Chinese diplomatic representation in Brussels, where the offices of the European Common Market are located. Despite China's involvement in African politics, her largest foreign trade partners are Japan and Western Europe.

THIS attitude of China's toward Western Europe in general and toward Germany in particular is greatly embarrassing to Willy Brandt's Liberal-Socialist government. On the one hand the opposition Christian Democratic Union (CDU) has to some extent preempted the China issue: we must remember the visit to China by Herr Schröder, the former CDU Foreign Minister, and his almost lyrical account of the "People's Republic." On the other hand, the Brandt government has already encountered a number of difficulties in its Ostpolitik, which overtures to Peking would exacerbate. Moscow is sensitive about this issue, and the German opposition is exploiting it to the full.

RED CHINA's bridgehead in Europe is tiny Albania, with a population of just over two million. Albania clearly proves the little recognized fact that the greater the individualism of the inhabitants, the less likely a country is to have a free form of government. (Compared to the Albanians, the Spaniards are fanatical collectivists.) In Albania we have perhaps the worst tyranny Europe has ever seen. Yet its boss, Enver Hoxha, urged the Western representatives at the European Conference in Helsinki not to let themselves be hoodwinked by the Soviets. In a letter no doubt inspired by Peking, Hoxha asked, "Who, after all, is it who menaces the peoples of Europe, and who is it that can defend them?" He went on to ridicule the idea that a modicum of security could be achieved by assurances of nonviolence, equality, and sovereignty. "What guarantees," he asked, "will the nations of Europe have in the future that they will not become victims of aggression like Czechoslovakia in 1968?" The letter ended with the words: "This conference makes no sense so long as Soviet imperialism rests on the theory of a limited sovereignty for other nations."

For the voice of Tirana read: the voice of Peking. Hoxha's statement, however, is also the opinion of many realistic Europeans. Whether these Europeans are right or wrong will depend to a large extent upon the evolution of Red China, which, one has to admit, is less ideological and more pragmatic than Russia. The country's internal politics are in flux. Only when they begin to move one way or the other can we determine whether we are trying to drive out the Devil with the help of Beelzebub. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

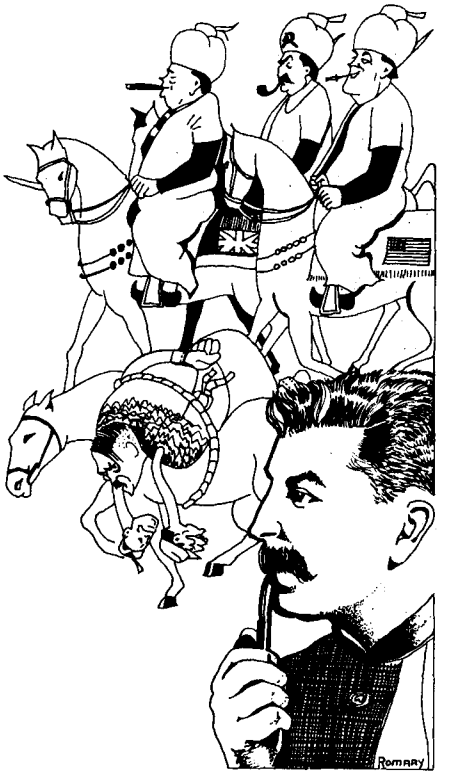
D. KEITH MANO

Epic Tedium

The mainspring in my biological clock is cracked. Robert Wilson did it. Twelve hours—7 P.M. to 7 A.M.—watching his monstrous invention, *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin*. Which has almost nothing to do with Joseph Stalin and almost everything to do with theatrical life and times, time . . . no, the plural is right. I give you numbers; it's absurd, but necessary. One hundred forty actors, 200 roles, twice as many costumes, 40 ostriches and 40 Aunt Jemimas, megatonnage of scenery, and over 80,000 half-seconds of time, each ticked off by five or ten human chronometers at once. It doesn't serve: I can't express *Stalin*'s scope, unless the magazine itself were a billboard and wired for neon in four dimensions. Yet gigantism is irrelevant: ultimately the lead-in to a joke. As if the mushroom cloud were painted on a 10,000-foot-high flat over Nagasaki and held there by guy wires. Robert Wilson is a genius. Robert Wilson, my God. An insurance salesman's name: part of the invention, I suspect. The man should be immense and crooked and called Claes Oldenburg or Pablo Picasso. *Stalin* is the most significant theatrical act since Cro-Magnon men first mimed their kills. I am stunned and excited. And, I feel, stupidly inarticulate.

Imagine a huge orrery. Pluto moving on the circumference as though it had no motion; Mercury a speedblur at center. Act One of *Stalin*: a tracksuited man runs across the stage. Some time later he returns. He will run back and forth for 12 hours. Down front a human tortoise starts stage left: it will take the tortoise 90 minutes to cross. A boy sits enthroned and motionless: the sun, to carry out my weak analogy. In between, weird semi-people move at different speeds—but all, except the track star, slower than life. Wilson's characters are planetary, cometary; they have separate orbits, they seldom touch. But they do form mad conjunctions and a terrific gravitational pull-push occurs onstage. It drags your eyes; it drags your viscera. It makes you breathless and tense.

Tension. An itch at the unreachable small of your back. Theater happens in time: causal time. A series of events that must progress toward some effect. There are numberless series in *Stalin*. They build and build with infuriating determination . . . to no effect. Yet amazing things happen constantly without previous notice. A chair descends. A real dog or a phony walrus comes on. A pyramid's top flies off. Normal perception, the mind's breadcrumb trail, gets tricked. Take the drawing room scene. I'm told originally, after two hours, four gigantic cat legs walked across the stage. A sudden, tremendous contraction of the size sense. Wilson couldn't afford cat legs this time: just about his only thrift.



Yet one is engrossed, galvanized. Wilson understands that the entrance is a strong and engaging moment in theater. *Stalin* has a thousand entrances. Moreover ordinary items are heightened to the value of entrance by repetition and duration. If a girl stands stockstill in front of you for 60 minutes, then shakes one foot—you will see that foot, friend. Believe me, you will. It startles. It makes an entrance. It has the dramatic weight of Yorick's skull.

Theater guides your eye. Audiences watch the speaker or the actor in movement. *Stalin* liberates vision. Three massive animals appeared on stage: I can't tell you where they came from. I was watching the legs of a man 60 feet overhead. This happened again and again. For once you comprehend the stage as an entirety. Wilson's blocking is organic and wide. And it frees the performer: he or she has no obligation to entertain. By 3 A.M. Wilson can do as he pleases with your brain. And he pleases to be unspeakably cruel. Act Five: a Father Time figure starts stage center rear. He moves ahead, quarter inch by quarter inch, repeating the same idiotic gesture sequence. It takes him 50 minutes to come forward. I watched in a rigor of tension and annoyance. He reaches the stage lip . . . and—God, God, God—starts back at square one again. The realization is awful: another 50 minutes, step by step. Despair. The spirit is broken and something dies in your skull.

Syntax, too, is a logical series. Noun implies verb; period or falling voice denotes termination. Wilson has murdered the cause and effect of speech. He has a chorus: disembodied heads in sand. For hours this chorus will enounce verbal fragments. Leck. Kick. Collect. Click. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Characters whoop, roar, become mere pitch pipes. *Stalin* is billed as an opera: these are its arias. The word "okay" is repeated, I don't know, maybe 2,000 times. It's a brilliant choice, okay. By 7 A.M. you know that word and our mannered use of it. Not an agreement sound; a dismissal sound. Either harshly or pleasantly, "okay" cuts off discourse. It simulates understanding and social

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amenity. Performers (Wilson, the actor, most often) answer, "Well, okay" after a farrago of nonsense sounds. Okay seems wonderfully commonplace and reasonable: your mind lunges at it for sanity. In fact, okay is a fiend's word. It masks blank, deaf incomprehension.

Watch a cerebral palsy victim walk. It's painful if you empathize. There is a rational series in ambulation. But if you watch objectively—the hand flywheeling out, the foot in a grotesque, brokenkneed stomp—you can fix on a loveliness that is ballet-like. Wilson cherishes crippled beauty both in gesture and in speech. (He has cast several children from a school of the deaf.) At first these distorted series are unkind, embarrassing. Then special rhythms surface and, by obsessive repetition, Wilson establishes a new series. You accept it. You don't have much choice.

WILSON retains his audience. The 12 hours, the fatigue are essential. Time allows Wilson to break your peevish habits of logic. *Stalin* is a spectacular, terrorizing tour de force: the force emphasized. Everyone could profit from an extended session with Robert Wilson. Just one, I think. He is a magnificent teacher. He recircuits the brain synapses: takes a phenomenal world based on decimal units or hours and wrenches its metabolism to base five, base 17, whatever. *Stalin* poleaxes. And that's hardly all. Most important, at one point in *The Life and Times of Jo-*

(Continues on page 1065)

SPORT

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

Seventy Years A Skier

Skiing was introduced into the Alps in the 1890s. My father, the late Sir Henry Lunn, who was the first travel agent to predict the immense popularity of skiing, made a contract with a Chamonix hotel and ordered some skis from Norway on the assumption that none would be purchasable at Chamonix in 1898.

He gave me the smallest pair, and with about a dozen of his clients I followed an alleged ski teacher to the practice slopes. Our teacher was a mountain guide, and we were, I suspect, the first novices he taught to ski. He climbed to a point where the gradient steepened, put a large pole between his legs, and very slowly slid to the bottom. We applauded.

MY FIRST ski tour was the Kleine Scheidegg from Grindelwald. Our primi-

tive skis had no toe irons, just two rings through which a toe strap was attached, and I cannot remember the precise adjustment of the heel strap. It was normal for a ski to come off once or twice in a descent. I skied in my ordinary country boots, and part of the day's procedure was to take off my boots at the end of a climb to restore the circulation in my toes by vigorous rubbing. On one such occasion one of my boots slid down the slope and disappeared; it took my guide two hours to find it.

For Christmas 1903 my father gave me a pair of skis and ski boots, total cost 50 francs, then the equivalent of $25. During my first ten skiing seasons no mountain railways were open and there were no ski lifts. The day's climb often began by dipping the heel of the skis into a water trough; the icy patch thus formed prevented the skis from backslipping on the climb. It was not until 1909 that I acquired a pair of sealskins, which had just come onto the market.

During January 1909 our party made the first end to end traverse of the Oberland glaciers. On our fifth day we climbed the monarch of the Oberland, the Finsteraarhorn. I stripped to the waist, and the sun poured its bounty on my unsheltered body, and insinuated incipient color into the panorama of glaciers, snowfields, and rock, a panorama which included almost every peak of importance in the Alps.

After supper that evening I stepped out of our Alpine hut. The glorious pyramid of the Finsteraarhorn soared into the moonlit sky. I could see the pass which we had crossed the previous day, the soft shimmer of its moonlit snow penciled by the pattern of our ski tracks, the snow thrown up by our swings showing like the delicate burr of a silverpoint etching. Even if the weather broke, nothing could prevent us from completing our six-day glacier traverse. Seldom have I known a happiness so unquestioning and so complete.

And never have I known anything more wretched than the three hours I spent a few weeks later on a rock ledge with a shattered leg, having come away with loose rock during a solitary descent of a well known rock climb on Cader Idris in Wales. Twice preparations to amputate were made and abandoned; I was left with a leg two inches short and an open wound through which minute fragments of bone emerged from time to time.

IT WAS two years before I resolved haunting doubts by climbing my first big peak after my smash. The essence of asceticism is, I suggest, the sacrifice of pleasure for happiness. Certainly the moment of my arrival on the summit of the Dent Blanche was anything but pleasurable, for I was violently sick with pain and fatigue; but it was also one of my happiest moments, for I had finally exorcised the dread of permanent exile from the mountain kingdom.

It was because I was first and foremost a mountaineer that I became involved in competitive skiing. Before 1930 the only competitive forms of skiing which were internationally recognized were Long Distance Races and Ski Jumping, neither of which were of any value in training mountain skiers. The Kandahar Ski Club was founded in 1924 to develop Downhill and Slalom Racing, and to campaign for the international recognition of these races by the International Ski Federation, usually known as the FIS.

Our first non-British convert was Walter Amstutz, who founded the Swiss University Ski Club; together we

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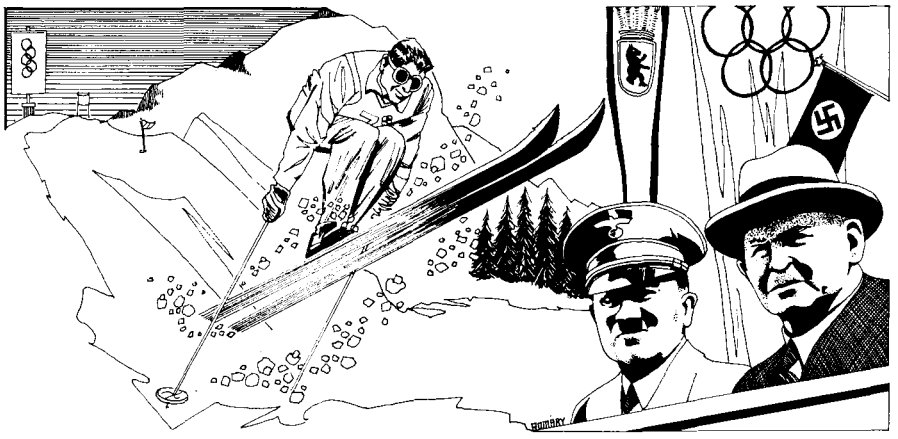
founded in 1925 the Anglo-Swiss University Match, and decided on a Downhill and a Slalom Race. The Swiss won the first match, and the party which followed the second encounter, which the British won, was an outstanding success. At the time I was wearing a steel splint on my game leg to transfer part of the weight from my knee to my tail. The party ended with the removal of my splint and its ejection by my friends through the restaurant window onto the snow. The splint had not only aggravated the difficulties of skiing but also induced a quasi-cripple mentality. After discarding it, I entered for the Scaramanga Cup for pairs of skiers roped together and won.

The British Rules for Downhill and Slalom Racing were accepted by the FIS in 1930, and introduced into the Winter Olympics for the first time in 1936. I was involved in the organization of the Alpine races, and not only as the referee of the Slalom. The atmosphere of the two World Championships which I had helped to organize had been all that one could wish. The new era began at the Nazi Olympics.

As the creator of the Slalom, I was invited to the official banquet, but having a prejudice against hosts whose policies included liquidating Jews, I declined, and when invited to broadcast my impressions of the Games, which were certainly well organized, I confined myself to one remark: "Let me remind you that there are still some people who ski-race for fun."

THE world's senior *open* international event, decided on Downhill and Slalom Races, is the Arlberg-Kandahar of which Hannes Schneider and I were the joint founders. Schneider had courage and principles. He turned all pro-Nazis out of his famous school, and appointed as manager a German Jew refugee from the Nazis. Just before the Arlberg-Kandahar was to be held in St. Anton in 1938 the Nazis occupied Austria and imprisoned Hannes Schneider. I canceled the race and left for Switzerland. At the last Austrian station the passengers had to stand in a long queue awaiting examination. I cannot sing, and therefore I sang a Grindelwald song. The distress of the musical worried the Nazis less than the general merriment, for Nazis hated being laughed at. I was hastily removed from the queue and taken to a room where passengers were interrogated by Nazi officials, one of whom asked me a question memorable for its superb silliness: "The Jews are suspected of smuggling jewelry inside the toilet rolls in the train lavatories. Have you seen anything of this?" "Such is my love of solitude," I replied, "that I never share a train lavatory with anyone."

The cancelation of the Arlberg-Kandahar was damaging to Nazi prestige, and in reply to an appeal to resume the race I wrote a carefully guarded letter which helped secure permission for Hannes Schneider to leave Austria for America.



Encouraged by my letter, which held out hope that I would bring the Arlberg-Kandahar back to St. Anton, the Nazis asked whether I would meet one of their skiing representatives on my journey through Austria to Poland where I was to serve as chairman of the World Ski Championship committee. The Nazi joined my train at the Austrian frontier, and greeted me with a beaming smile. "What date do you prefer," he began, "for next year's Arlberg-Kandahar?"

"There will be no A-K in St. Anton," I replied.

"But in your letter," he exclaimed, "you promised to bring back the Arlberg-Kandahar if we let Schneider go to America."

"I made no such promise," I replied. "What I wrote was that I would not bring back the A-K *unless* you let Schneider go to America. That was the first condition. The second condition was that Hitler should leave Germany."

"You have deceived us," he screamed.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "but I recently read a book which made a great impression on me, the author of which insisted that in diplomacy it is often necessary to deceive, and the name of that book is *Mein Kampf* by Adolf Hitler."

AS I write, the International Olympic Committee is still sitting. I have reasons for hoping that the new President, Lord Killanin, is determined to meet the rising tide of criticism of the IOC for condoning shamateurism. A meeting of Presidents of the National Ski Associations has condemned the Olympic Amateur Rules on the ground that these virtually compel National Ski Associations, and the Olympic competitors whom they enter, to infringe the Rules, and this, as they rightly observe, "is not compatible with our conception of the morale and ethics of the sport."

At the first postwar meeting of the FIS Congress, the distinguished statesman, the late Leo Amery, moved on behalf of the Ski Club of Great Britain a motion that Associations representing nations which discriminated against their competitors on religious, racial, or political grounds should be ineligible for membership of the FIS. The motion was defeated.

The Olympic Committee held the last prewar Olympics in Hitler's Germany, welcomed Soviet Russia into the IOC after the war, accepted competitors at the 1972 Olympics from Uganda, notorious for its racial persecution of Asiatics, and excluded for racialism Rhodesia and South Africa. I hope that a policy of exclusion determined by politics and not by principles will not appeal to the new President, Lord Killanin. □

Sir Arnold Lunn *invented and obtained Olympic recognition for the modern Slalom race and has written numerous books on skiing.*

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BOOKS

'A Guide for the Seventies'

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

Four Reforms—A Guide for the Seventies
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Putnam, 128 pp., $4.95

The charge is fairly brought that conservatives, by and large, are a passive lot. We are not much for innovation. A part of this instinctive antipathy to change may be credited to ancestor worship, to the respect we accord tradition, or to an abiding reverence for the past. All of these are well known marks of the conservative breed. And a part of the antipathy may be put down to a lively skepticism: things may be bad, a conservative tends to feel, but change is likely to make them worse. It is the liberal who flies to evils that he knows not of, the conservative who finds it better to bear the ills we have.

The attitude has its salutary aspects, but it has its drawbacks also. Conservatives spend most of their time as critics, not as performers; we seldom act but rather react. Others take the initiative, proposing solutions; we stand athwart the stream of history, as a distinguished colleague has observed, crying stop. When we are asked how conservatives would solve the problems of the day, we ordinarily reply—and often it is a lame reply—that it is necessary only to return to fundamentals and the problems will solve themselves. The matter thus disposed of, we return to contemplating the bust of Aristotle. It is no wonder the liberals win most of the ball games.

This unsatisfactory state of affairs now has goaded Mr. Buckley, the master of our sedentary revels, into a veritable frenzy of innovation. Seizing the initiative, he has proposed not one broad, basic program, or two, or even two and a half. He makes bold to offer four reforms, one each in the fields of welfare, taxation, justice, and education. He defends his propositions with cogency, with reason, and, in the matter of welfare, with whole pages of tabulations of which I can make neither heads nor tails. As a further shock to our sensibilities, he proposes two improvements to the U.S. Constitution.

Mr. Buckley's concern is primarily with broad procedures, rather than with specific formulations. His purpose, for example, is not to cure all of the mess of public welfare. Contemplating all of the mess that is public welfare, as Mayor Jimmy Walker once remarked in another context, is like riding through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat. What Mr. Buckley suggests is a procedural reform: Congress should appropriate funds for social welfare "only for the benefit of those states whose per capita income is below the national average."

It is patently absurd, he observes, to

take money from poor states in order to subsidize rich states, but that is precisely what is done now. It is also unsound to nullify the functions of federalism by imposing upon the states an asbestos blanket of regulations woven in Washington. If the silly business were halted by which billions first are taken from the states, and then laundered, pressed, dry-cleaned, and returned to the states, with only a little shrinkage in the process, the stage would be set for simplifying and reordering our welfare programs.

Simplification is again Mr. Buckley's aim in the field of taxation. He makes a convincing case for reform of the federal income tax. He would eliminate deductions, eliminate exemptions, abolish progressive rates of taxation, and settle for a uniform tax of 15 per cent on all income. His affection for states' rights does not deter him from the practical suggestion that the U.S. Internal Revenue Service perform as a collection agency for the individual states. He would abolish the corporation income tax, treat capital gains as regular income—I wish he had given this complicated issue more than a mere lick and a promise—and reimburse the poor through a system of tax credits. Plainly these sweeping proposals deserve more explication than Mr. Buckley could give them in a brief essay. Seeking to simplify, he tends to oversimplify. But the bold outline is there, and the main features make sense.

TURNING to education, Mr. Buckley addresses himself to two problems that have been created by the Supreme Court's construction of the Constitution. He believes they can be cured only by amendment of the Constitution. These are the problems of racial-balance busing, and the denial of public support for private schools. In both areas, his sound conservative purpose is to eliminate manifestations of coercion from a putatively free society.

This is Mr. Buckley's best chapter. He makes an incisive case against the judicial lunacy that has returned racism to the public schools. Twenty years ago the Court found it unconstitutional to assign a child to a school because of the

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color of his skin. Now the same Court decrees that solely because of the color of his skin, the child must be assigned to a school. The color classifications that were abolished with *Brown* have come swimming back with *Swann*. Mr. Buckley would go back to *Brown* by nailing into the Constitution a specific guarantee: "No child shall be denied admission to a public school, by the United States or by any State, on account of race, creed, color, or national origin, notwithstanding any provision in the Constitution of the United States or of any State." That should do it.

By its adamantine opposition to *any* form of state aid to private and parochial schools, the Supreme Court has further restricted freedom of choice in a free society. The Court's recent manifestations of hostility to such aid lack even the merit of consistency: the Court has upheld indirect subsidy to the church through the exemption from local property taxes; the Court also has upheld direct public aid to church-related institutions of higher learning through bond guarantees and the GI Bill of Rights. Mr. Buckley's idea is to permit the states to experiment with tax credits or other devices carefully constructed to avoid the entanglements envisioned by the Court. His proposed amendment would create no Establishment of Religion; it would simply promote the free exercise thereof.

In his final essay, Mr. Buckley takes up the cause that Chief Justice Warren Burger has done so much in recent years to support. This is the proposition that our criminal courts should direct their procedures not toward perfect trials, but toward fair trials. The extreme formulations placed upon certain Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Amendment guarantees in the years of Chief Justice Earl Warren often have reduced justice to a travesty—to a tricky business of game-playing in which the guilt of the defendant takes a secondary place.

Mr. Buckley's trouble in this essay, alas, is that he cannot think of any direct way to achieve the reforms he has in mind. He proposes, impotently, that the Fifth Amendment "as currently interpreted" should be repealed. Obviously he does not mean that the Fifth should be stricken from the Constitution; no conservative would propose that the protection accorded private property be stricken from our fundamental law. But the only way to repeal interpretations is by new interpretations, which is precisely what the Court under Burger is engaged in writing now. Anyhow, it is not the Fifth, but more significantly the Fourth and the Sixth Amendments that have been subjected to foolish construction in the name of the rights of the accused.

Whatever his confusions on this score, Mr. Buckley has some wise and prudent observations to make on criminal justice generally. Here, again, his purpose is to reform attitudes, or procedures, in order to eliminate absurdities that have grown like honeysuckle and trumpet vine upon the law. In brief, Mr. Buckley is saying, in the fashion of George Mason, that "no Free Government, or the blessings of Liberty, can be preserved to any People but by a firm Adherence to Justice, Moderation, Temperance, Frugality, and Virtue, and by frequent Recurrence to fundamental Principles." That proposition is not novel or innovative, but it encompasses needed reform and it adds up to sound conservative doctrine. □

The Imperial Presidency
By Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.
Houghton, 505 pp., $10

MULTIPLE APOLOGIES

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Schlesinger *fils*' most recent tome argues the proposition that the cause of our present political woes is, simply, too much President. The derogation of the office of Chief Executive is not a cause with which Schlesinger's name is habitually associated, yet here is Schlesinger declaring with alarmed solemnity that the gradual accretion of presidential power and prerogative has entrusted the American Presidency with a mandate of imperial proportions that is throwing the Constitution out of alignment.

Of the three branches of the Federal Government, the Executive was, perhaps, defined with the least clarity by the Founding Fathers; and while the exigencies of time have operated over two centuries to shape an eighteenth century document to the nature of a twentieth century republic, the Presidency has proved less amenable to the democratic intentions of the Constitutional Convention than has the Congress or Judiciary. The seed of the Chief Executive's present overweening power is the constitutionally ambiguous delegation of the conduct of foreign affairs in general and the making of war in particular. History, Schlesinger believes, has partly resolved those ambiguities, but nearly always to the advantage of the Presidency.

In the aftermath of World War II the cold war accelerated the process of entrusting great international responsibilities to the President, with the result that we have today a Chief Executive who feels he is justified in taking upon himself the clandestine bombing of a country with which we are not at war, and, under false pretenses, acquiring funds for that escapade from the Senate. Emboldened by a heightened sense of his own supremacy, he has felt himself at liberty to match imperial acts abroad with unconstitutional acts at home, as in the case of the impoundment of funds constitutionally voted for domestic purposes by the Congress.

As Schlesinger's multiple apologies for his own past attitudes suggest, expediency, rather than a mischievous political philosophy, has brought us to our present estate. The idea of a strong Presidency can be made to seem compatible with nearly any political faith.

Congressman Lincoln, who as President took enormous liberties with the warmaking prerogative, reacted to the Mexican War by making, in 1848, a "celebrated and prescient attack on presidential warmaking." One hundred years later, Congressman Richard M. Nixon, eager to see the records of the Loyalty Board wrested from the Executive's grasp, pressed to have them released for legislative scrutiny. Senator Paul Douglas thought it absurd in 1950

James J. Kilpatrick *is a syndicated columnist. . . .* **Chilton Williamson Jr.** *is an editor at St. Martin's Press. . . . Until recently* **John Andrews** *served on the White House staff. . . .* **Ernest van den Haag** *is a practicing psychoanalyst and teaches at the New School for Social Research in New York. . . .* **David Brudnoy** *lived in a Buddhist temple in rural Japan in 1957 and has since studied and written on Japanese literature and religion.*

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IL Y AVAIT UNE FOIS, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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that Harry Truman should even consider obtaining a joint resolution before committing armed Americans to the Korean struggle. Eisenhower's extension, at the time of the Army-McCarthy hearings in 1954, of executive privilege to all employees of the executive branch is described by Schlesinger as an example of "how the combination of congressional delinquency with the executive perspective" could "lead even a Whig Administration to aggrandize the Presidency." In 1960 Senator John F. Kennedy declared that "it is the President alone who must make the major decisions of our foreign policy," while in 1963 Professor Richard E. Neustadt thought that "when it comes to action risking war, technology has modified the Constitution."

SCHLESINGER cannot ignore, however, the possibility that cold war nerves may not have been the only impetus toward an imperial Presidency. What, for instance, of the precedents of the Administration of Franklin Roosevelt? FDR's court historian demurs: Roosevelt, while loving power, was not power-mad. While he "knew where he wanted to go . . . he did not . . . want to go there alone." More, up to the time when the United States became a belligerent in World War II Roosevelt, though he had been granted extraordinary domestic powers by Congress over the previous decade, had been dreadfully hobbled by that same Congress in his dealings abroad. Hence, so runs the argument, he cannot be held accountable for subsequent encroachments upon our do-

mestic system, most of which proceeded from the presidential exercise of responsibility for foreign commitments.

There is, of course, some truth to all this. But it seems fair nonetheless to suggest that, given the internal powers claimed by Roosevelt for his office, it was only a matter of time before a successor might be expected to make similar claims for equally broad powers in the international arena. In the 1930s, a series of domestic crises panicked the nation to the point where it was willing to give the President nearly any weapon he asked for, in exchange for his assurance that he could rescue it from social and economic disaster; in the 1950s, the country, terrified by the advent of the bomb and the menace of international Communism, went bawling to the Chief Executive, willing, this time, to offer him whatever powers he considered necessary to avert a global *Götterdämmerung*. Franklin Roosevelt's Administration taught the United States, once and for all time, that the Constitution is from the Holmesian perspective almost infinitely elastic—and thence follow our troubles.

The logic that extends the sweep of the Federal Government into areas formerly subject to state and municipal government, or to no government at all, is the same logic that permits the encroachment by one branch of that government into the domain of the other two. Add to the operations of that logic war scares and the workings of that personal mystique which encapsulates the modern Presidency and which Roosevelt—and Schlesinger—did so much to enhance, and you will not find it difficult to understand how, to quote Laboulaye by way of Schlesinger, an American President has come to regard himself as "democracy personified, the nation made man." Particularly when that President is the son of a grocer and hails from Yorba Linda, California.

DESPITE—or because of—his past involvement with liberal causes and legislation, Schlesinger has surmounted the naiveté of the New Deal belief in the paramount efficacy of law. He is plainly aware that we live in a world not of laws but of politics. Every law is a "neutral principle"; its values lies not in itself alone but in the uses to which it is put, and in the spirit in which it is applied. But the means by which one assures the harnessing of certain moral principles to statute law continue to evade this particular historian. Schlesinger is in fear that the antipresidential backlash, as exemplified—and fanned—by the Ervin Committee, "will end in binding restraints on the Presidency as an instrument of the general welfare at home." Well, a strong instrument we got—albeit one which is none too strong on the welfare state and civil liberties, a situation which leads Schlesinger to mutter about a "plebiscitary Presidency" and to draw sinister comparisons with Charles de Gaulle. Mr. Schlesinger's insurmountable obstacle—and everyone's—is that in America the warrior and his weapon are separately chosen. □

William Howard Taft: A Conservative's Conception of the Presidency
By Donald F. Anderson
Cornell, 355 pp., $15

REMEMBERING TAFT

JOHN ANDREWS

Taft in the White House electrified Americans with much the same blend of activism, charisma, and flamboyance that Churchill across the water was to limn in an opponent a few years later: "An empty car drove up to Commons the other day, and the Prime Minister got out." Big Bill was born to the bench, not the Oval Office; after Harding fulfilled the former President's life dream by naming him Chief Justice, Taft wrote happily, "I don't remember that I ever was President." And today, for that matter, who else does?

Yet a good deal of history pivoted around the ill-starred Taft Presidency. Had the Ohioan only been politician enough to continue the balancing act by which Theodore Roosevelt had begun reconstituting the traditionalist Republican Party as a progressive force, or even just complaisant enough to hand Roosevelt back the nomination in 1912, Wilson and the Democrats would not have held power through the Teens. The U.S. role in World War I and its aftermath might have borne less of a moralist, crusading stamp; the GOP might not have lost the popular reform constituency which it has never to this day recaptured.

THESE fascinations of the road not taken make Taft's overlooked interregnum between TR and Wilson well worth closer study. More than that—his story, for all its quaint air of simpler times now gone forever, abounds

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in sharply topical lessons for students of the Presidency in our own day.

Its main theme—the shockingly swift and altogether avoidable dissipation of a decisive electoral mandate—has now been replayed twice in the past half-dozen years. And while the political stumbling and cavalier indifference to public relations which brought down William Howard Taft were the very antithesis of Richard Nixon's first-term astuteness, recent months have made them painfully familiar once again as the President's Watergate incubus has defied all manner of exorcism.

"The misrepresentations which are made by the muckraking correspondents I cannot neutralize," Taft replied to a friendly editor's urging that he defend himself, "and I do not intend to." How haunting in the Washington of 1973. For some reason the man who had spiked the Checkers scandal in a matter of days seemed to make these disastrously complacent words his credo on Watergate for upward of a year, and he's been playing ineffectual catch-up ball ever since. Even from spring to autumn, little seems to have been learned: on the vertiginous October weekend when Cox, the tapes, and all else came unstuck, Taft's fey confidence that his motives and acts would be "self-explanatory" again stalked the corridors of the White House with a vengeance.

To THE stimulation of reading history for its own sake and the rewards of mining it for current applications, add the pleasure of watching a polished and surefooted political scholar at work and you have an idea of Professor Anderson's achievement here. The book is neither biography nor an all-encompassing narrative of President Taft's term, but rather a meticulous and sensitive case study of presidential power in action. As a prism for the analysis, Anderson uses the five presidential roles identified by his mentor, Clinton Rossiter: chief executive, chief legislator, chief of party, voice of the people, and chief diplomat.

He demonstrates that on each facet Taft's conduct in office was prudent, constitutionally sound, and marked with a vigor that reached well beyond either Theodore Roosevelt's bitter caricature of Taft as the archetypical weak President or Taft's own literalist exegesis of Article II in his ostensibly definitive 1915 work, *Our Chief Magistrate and His Powers*. The rub was that Taft's reach in these matters time and again exceeded his grasp, for he was woefully unsuited by temperament and training to bring off the feats of political combat and dramatic communication which a strong Presidency requires, especially one conducted in the shadow of the once and future Rough Rider.

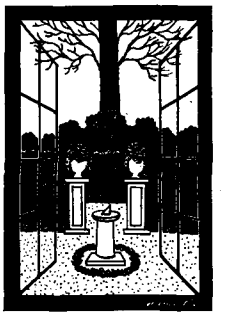
That was a pity, for no conception of the Presidency, not even one so nearly immaculate as the noble and wise Taft's, can exert much influence down the decades if it dies aborning in the rarefied atmosphere of its creator's reticent, decorous, impossibly principled personality. "Politics, when I am in it, makes me sick," Taft once confessed. Conservatives need stronger stomachs and stouter hearts than that if they ever hope to see their constitutional conceptions made flesh. □

Social Sciences as Sorcery
By Stanislav Andreski
St. Martin's, 238 pp., $7.95

MEAT AXE AS CRITICISM

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Not taking part as yet in the net of social conventions which controls and protects adults, spirited little boys occasionally become *enfants terribles*: they say things that, although true, are customarily left unsaid by adults for the sake of politeness or prudence. By embarrassing some adults, the *enfant terrible* provides malicious amusement for others, and attention for himself. Sometimes he becomes so inured to attention that to get it as he grows older he says things to *épater les bourgeois*. When they become adults, such *enfants terribles* may disguise themselves as social scientists.



What Stanislav Andreski says about his colleagues is usually true—and left unsaid out of politeness, or because it is so well known it needn't be reiterated. Who doesn't know that social scientists often, and sociologists usually, confuse complicated notations with knowledge? Is it useful to say once more that Talcott Parsons does? Or that sociologists use impenetrable jargon with incantatory and status-yielding effect sometimes because they are muddleheaded, or, less often, because they are cunning? But not all do, and some, though occasionally guilty, have also made serious contributions. Andreski, a fair-minded man, would surely agree. But his book is a caricature presented as though a portrait. Which is less than fair.

For WHOM did he write? The general public? Too esoteric; anyway the general public likes the "sorcery" Andreski objects to: astrology is more successful than astronomy ever was, and Freudian psychoanalysis is submerged by the dark ramblings of Laing and other gurus. As for the profession, most of what Andreski says so well has now been said ad nauseam (remember C. Wright Mills?). And most of the targets have been hit before too; except perhaps for the mythopoeic activities of Levi-Strauss et al., which are still worth dissecting. But the indiscriminate meat axe wielded by Andreski may not be the best instrument. Here too Andreski is suggestive and illustrative rather than conclusive and evidentiary, not likely, therefore, to demonstrate anything to the professional or to suggest what had not already been suspected. There is no point to an inside joke familiar to insiders and of little interest to others.

Despite the iconoclastic pose, Andreski has icons of his own, quite as plastic as those he tears down. He suggests that American foundations discourage social scientists from writing revealingly on economic inequality, so that only Gabriel Kolko's *Wealth and Power in America* deals fairly with the subject. Yet even his socialist colleagues are embarrassed by Kolko's demagogic and incompetent mishandling of data and statistics. American foundations, far from being the ramparts of conservatism that Andreski imagines (has he been reading Marxist comic books?), are staffed by ultraliberal characters who long to support projects as far "left" as they can find. Wherefore an extremely high percentage of the foundation-supported sociological, economic, and philosophical literature in America deals with inequality and complains about it, or proposes a revolution. Consider Rawls or Jencks, or the immense literature on poverty, race, ghettos, etc.

Despite bloopers such as this, *Social Science as Sorcery* has virtues: well

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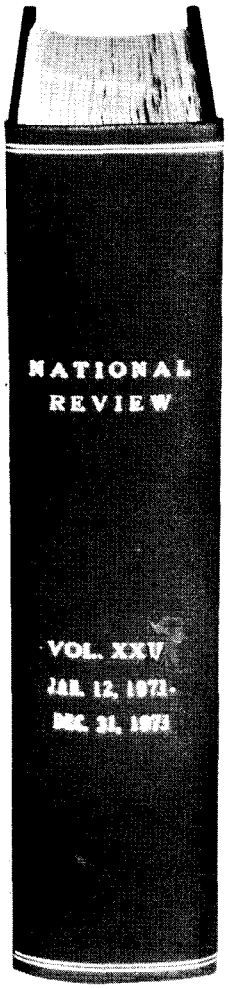

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written, at times amusing, if flirtatious; at the least it should help graduate students who might be overly impressed by their teachers—if there are any such students left. □

FICTION

The Temple of Dawn
By Yukio Mishima
Knopf, 330 pp., $7.95

THE KNIFE OF REASON

DAVID BRUDNOY

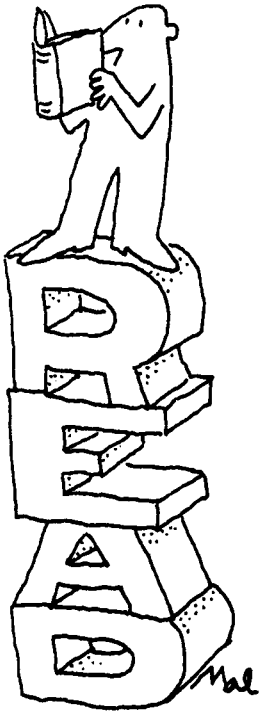
Now we are in Siam in 1940 with Honda, the man of reason, the effete Kiyoaki's confidant during their youth in 1912 (*Spring Snow*, reviewed here August 4, 1972), the fanatical young Isao's defender in 1933 (*Runaway Horses*, reviewed September 28, 1973). Honda, who has renounced his judgeship to practice business law and make a fortune, begins his voyage to decadence in Bangkok, the city of temples.

"Only through his skin sensing the brilliant green of the tropical plants," Mishima writes of Honda in this, the third volume of *The Sea of Fertility* tetralogy, "the vermilion of the mimosa flowers, the golden decor adorning the temples, or the sudden blue lightning could he come into contact with the world about him. This was a totally exotic experience for him," for him who had become convinced of the doctrine of reincarnation when he realized that Kiyoaki, reborn as Isao, was now once again alive, this time in the child body of a Thai princess, Ying Chan. The seven-year-old girl, considered mad by her guardians, insists that she is indeed a Japanese; on meeting Honda, she rushes to him, speaks in her childish way of secrets he had shared with Kiyoaki and Isao, and sends him exhilarated into the next round of adventures.

From Siam to India, that land of fetid mysteries, the birthplace of Buddhism, whose doctrines the rationalist Honda has studied for decades, where, immersing himself in the odors, the sickness, the opulent religiosity, he must discard the knife of reason, lest its edge slash the "perfect fabric" of the "unbelievably generous feast of holiness" he experiences.

He returns to Japan a changed man, survives the war, grows fabulously rich owing to a fluke of statute law, and in 1952, at age 57, once again encounters the gorgeous Siamese princess, now a student in Tokyo. But Ying Chan has forgotten what as a child she knew, that her body is merely a vessel for the soul of the long dead Kiyoaki, by way of the suicide Isao. And Honda, childless, bored with his stolid wife, Rié, conceives a plan to seduce Ying Chan, not so much to have her as to determine if her body bears those three tiny moles which marred the otherwise perfect physiques of, and yet symbolized the reality of reincarnation in, Kiyoaki and Isao.

Hedonism has almost entirely obliterated Honda's once dominant reason, and his quest for the answers to the web of intricate philosophical questions Mishima has woven in this masterpiece drives from him his compassion. His wife fears the worst: "When, on closing a drawer, a kimono sleeve is caught, the seams of the sleeve and the bodice will tear as one walks away. As similar experiences were repeated, the sleeves of Rié's heart were torn to bits. She was captivated by something. Yet her heart was empty and listless." And his has dissipated, his and those of his aging, lusting circle of dissolutes. Once more, we are in that world of decadence and perversion Mishima pictured so brilliantly in *Forbidden Colors* (1968), wherein the allures of youth and the sophisticated, albeit—to Mishima—comical, sexualism of age conjoin tragically.



The Sea of Fertility is almost at its resolution. One more volume, to be translated next year, brings to a close this stupendous achievement, this chef d'oeuvre of modern Japanese letters. Already, the thematic line is crystal clear: we can expect the fourth book to carry us to the present (at least to 1970, when, immediately after submitting to his publisher the last pages of the tetralogy, Mishima committed hara-kiri in a grotesque moment of political and personal defiance), to a final transmigration of the soul, a final statement on that vision which sustained him throughout his ultimate ordeal of creation—the materialistic declension of Japan. □

The Lime Works
By Thomas Bernhard; tr., Sophie Wilkins
Knopf, 241 pp., $5.95

THE TERROR OF EXPRESSION

RONALD DE FEO

Thomas Bernhard's protagonists exist in intense, unnatural isolation. The isolation is self-imposed. They seem to choose it not only because they cannot cope with or comprehend the world at large, but also because there is something in their makeup that drives them to extremes. They are unable to achieve a psychological or a philosophical balance. They lose themselves in themselves, with the result that they are pushed to and, in some instances, beyond the borderline of sanity.

In *Gargoyles*, the first Bernhard novel published here, an Austrian prince, living in a near-empty castle in a desolate domain, resigns himself to solitude as he explores his fears, doubts, and failures, and the mysteries of existence. Often he sounds perceptive and profound, at other times simply mad. In *The Lime Works* Konrad, a self-styled researcher, imprisons himself and his crippled wife in an abandoned lime works to conduct odd auditory experiments and finally to write his long-planned masterwork, *The Sense of Hearing*. At first, he seems to possess

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the extreme dedication and determination of a great man, but as we come to know him he appears to be a frightened, confused fanatic, a potential creator who cannot bring himself to create.

The novel begins with the descriptions by various townspeople of the murder of the pathetic Mrs. Konrad by her eccentric husband (who has been found half frozen outside the lime works). The rest of the book shifts back and forth in time to describe the couple's relationship, concentrating not on the reasons for their behavior, but rather on the behavior itself, which defines their roles and reflects their desperation.

At times Bernhard's overriding concern with the process of physical and psychic entrapment and deterioration frustrates us, for we desire causes as well as effects. But the little rituals themselves are amusing and unusual enough to carry us on, and we always sense that some revelation, some illumination concerning the two people is imminent. One of the faults of the book is that no such knowledge really comes our way, and we are left with quite abstract characters.

FORTUNATELY, despite his abstractness, Konrad is an intriguing creation. He is almost a parody of the pure artist, the man so devoted to his work that his life is filled with nothing but that work. He has closed out the world to achieve his goal, but in the process he has closed in himself, constructed his own prison. For years Konrad has been obsessed by the essence of sounds and the nature of hearing. He now forces his wife to detect his whispered words and phrases so that she might develop an uncommonly acute aural sense. Konrad isolates words and phrases as he isolates himself. They have no context and therefore are purposeless and absurd, as is the very nature of his experiments, as is his life itself.

But Konrad is possessed, and he is forever on the verge of clearly expressing his ideas, writing his thesis. He claims that what is in his mind can never be adequately recorded on paper. Yet his predicament seems more complex. Perhaps Konrad resists expression for fear that he has nothing to express. Or perhaps he resists for fear of the emptiness that must come after he has expressed all. Konrad's procrastination is essential for his existence—he guarantees success, he prolongs his meaning, the justification for his being, by forever imagining his accomplishments, forever avoiding the dangers of expression and creation.

The Lime Works is a more successful book than *Gargoyles*. In the earlier novel Bernhard recorded his ideas (too often truisms) without providing a dramatic structure for them, with the result that the book appeared static and general. Here, ideas are dramatized rather than stated, and at least some sense of structure and tension is present. Again Bernhard proves himself to be one of the most substantial and intense of today's young, experimental German writers, far less whimsical than Peter Bichsel and more stimulating and coherent than the somewhat overrated Peter Handke. *The Lime Works* is a difficult, sometimes trying and repetitious novel that demands the reader's patience and attention. It is rewarding only if you work with it. But it seems to me that this is one of its chief virtues—it is a novel that forces you to think, that compels you to measure your life and rituals against those of its strange, though frequently all-too-human, protagonist. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RAPE OF THE A.P.E. *The Official History of the Sex Revolution, by Allan Sherman, Playboy Press, 410 pp., $9.95.* Allan Sherman, "My Son the Nut," etc., put this one together a few months before his death. The raped A.P.E. is the American Puritan Ethic, and Sherman's lengthy account of our century's gestures toward sex freedom makes the same impression as a solemn *Playboy* pronouncement: well-meant and sort of dumb. Sherman never really tangles with the cultural forces that have made sex—and all the words that refer to it—into dynamite. Instead he produces an interminable allegory starring two cave people, Sap (for Homo Sapiens) and Lala (for Ooh-lala, I guess), grants them immortality, and forces them to endure all the various repressions since the dawn of time. There's a religious leader named Dawg-Muh and a scientist named Testoob, and along the way Sherman offs all the pigs: warriors, bureaucrats, and so on. Alas, what was meant to be funny has a leaden ring; it sounds like those whimsies the high school students are producing in reams nowadays: "Once upon a time in the kingdom of Nixonia . . ." Yet Sherman's research makes the book worthwhile as a reference text. He's dug up enough offbeat information to turn this into a Guinness Book of the Outlandish. Did you know that the average New York apartment has four tamperproof locks on the front door? Or that Leonardo da Vinci, around 1500, concocted a theory of sex and wrote it backward, in mirror writing, for fear of reprisals? Sherman tracks it down and reprints it, along with hundreds more. I wish his book had an index.

DON CRINKLAW

THE RIVERSIDE VILLAS MURDER, *by Kingsley Amis (Harcourt, 224 pp., $6.95).* Kingsley Amis is a fine writer who tends to dabble—ghost stories, spy stuff, and now a bit of sleuthing. In the meantime, those of us who believe *Lucky Jim* to be one of the best comic novels of the century are impatiently waiting for him to discover that he's just too talented an author to write successful cheap fiction. In this attempt, a boy discovers sex against a murder-mystery backdrop. Neither the discovery nor the detection is satisfying. What does satisfy, however, is Amis' way with characters. His may be the best secondary characters—most notably, his old men—since Dickens. And equally satisfying is his style, the often complex sentences falling clear and true with that deceptive ease that marks the master craftsman. And there is no better writer of dialogue practicing today. But none of this justifies a shoddy vehicle. Amis no doubt believed the sex-murder combination would be a financial sure thing. But the mystery isn't engaging enough to bring out the whodunit crowd, and the author's good taste prevents him from writing successful pornography. Having said all this, however, let me hasten to add that critics are always hardest on their favorite authors, from whom they expect more. And although we don't get what we hope for here, bad Amis is still better than the best products of most of his contemporaries.

PATRICIA S. COYNE

ABORTION, BASEBALL, & WEED: *Economic Issues of Our Times, by D. C. North and Roger L. Miller (Harper, 213 pp., $1.50).* A concise, readable application of economic reasoning to many key issues of the day. The perfect answer for students who demand instant "relevance" from their instructors, and required reading for all others who think economics is dull. Without realizing it, the reader will acquire a painless introduction to such esoteric notions as opportunity cost, risk aversion, and the economics of information. It's a sneaky book—deriving mainly conservative conclusions from liberal premises. The approach is Friedmanite, but not slavishly so. Try it on smug friends of any stripe: chances are, they will be hopelessly befuddled.

ALAN REYNOLDS

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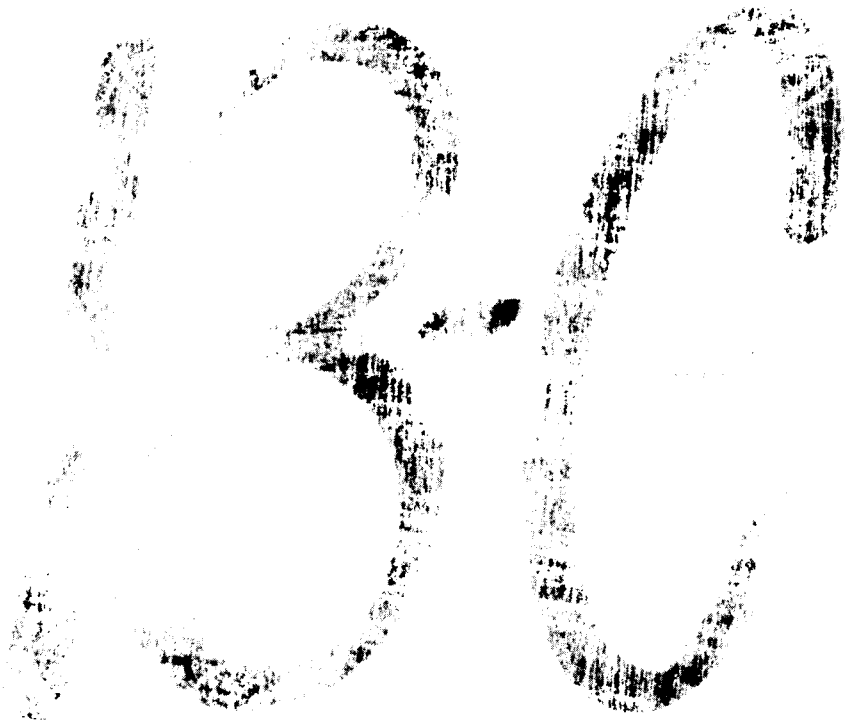

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(Continued from page 138)

rate measure of basic necessities, that was formerly employed. In 1969, however, the Federal Government changed the standard—a move which in that year alone added 1.6 million to the poverty rolls.

Though these criticisms are substantive, it is the revelations of the Griffiths committee that give the coup de grace to the Bureau's methodology. As we have seen, federal noncash benefits can, in conjunction with other income, provide roughly $4,000 to $8,000 per year for 20 per cent of the families receiving assistance, whereas the poverty guideline is $4,300 for a family of four. A supplement to the Subcommittee report shows that when in-kind benefits were counted along with cash payments, over 60 per cent of these families now considered "poor" moved past the poverty level. Although these results should be viewed with some caution since the real value of aid-in-kind benefits to recipients is not fully determined, the inaccurate nature of current poverty estimates is nevertheless clear.

Along with revising poverty estimates downward, the Griffiths report also serves as a sharp rejoinder to allegations that the response of the national government to the problem of poverty has been grudging and inadequate. By cataloguing and measuring federal assistance to the disadvantaged, the Subcommittee report reflects a commitment so massive that it provides a growing percentage of the poor with an income roughly equivalent to, or greater than, that of many workers.

Finally, the Griffiths report shows that federal noncash benefits can provide substantially more income than the projected benefits of FAP or McGovern's controversial $1,000-a-year proposal and suggests the possible harmful effects of income-maintenance plans.

Permanent dependency is in part an outcome of the current "services" approach. Although the effect on public morale—or the "work ethic"—is not as profound as might be the case with an income-maintenance plan (Congress

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has not, after all, formally institutionalized welfare payments and thereby helped remove the stigma of "relief"), the effect on the poor, at least, can be considered the same: it is a little easier, perhaps more comfortable for the poor; but the dependency cycle remains unbroken, the poor are still public charges. As one group of welfare mothers put it recently: "Why do you bring us a system that makes us more comfortable being poor rather than a way to break the system that keeps us poor?"

The frustration expressed by these welfare mothers emphasizes the counterproductive effects of other pieces of liberal social legislation. Just as surely as Aid to Dependent Children payments disrupted the black family structure, minimum wage legislation kept young blacks out of work and discouraged the formation of minority enterprise, while urban renewal, public housing, model cities, and OEO's community action programs lowered the standard of living for the poor and destroyed integrity and sense of community in their neighborhoods. So, too, the enactment of federal aid programs has reinforced the very dependency cycle they were designed to help eliminate.

The welfare mothers also indirectly make a point conservative spokesmen have been attempting to enunciate for some time: the problem of poverty is solved by programs that make the poor productive members of society, not by massive appropriations that only strengthen their dependency and alienate the rest of society. Poverty is a human, not just a technological problem. Only when the poor develop a sense of self-worth, motivation, and what Edward Banfield calls "future orientation" will they escape from poverty permanently.

That is why the Griffiths report breaks new ground and encourages others to follow. Dr. Blanche Bernstein of the New School's Center for New York Studies, for example, is currently engaged in a study of desertion rates among black families of exactly the type Moynihan recommended. Richard Cornuelle, author of *Reclaiming the American Dream*, in cooperation with Columbia's Center for Policy Studies, is expected to embark soon on a nationwide survey of those who have in the last decade moved from poverty to affluence, which may isolate some of the variables responsible for their "success." There is, too, the altogether different proposal of Dr. Francis Mechner of Behavioral Sciences Associates, who suggests a plan that would enable state welfare departments to contract out responsibility for welfare families to private concerns. For each family removed from the relief rolls, the companies would be paid a bonus, providing incentive for careful casework and private counseling currently unavailable to the average social worker. Finally, Dr. Ernest van den Haag and the Hudson Institute are currently working on a new incentive approach to the entire problem.

Such new approaches become particularly important as the popularity of the welfare issue continues to wane. One senses a certain loss of enthusiasm on the left for the poverty issue. Some of the most active antipoverty spokesmen probably had more deep-seated attachments from the start: egalitarian hopes, for example, for redistributing wealth, or perhaps the simple gratification of anti-American impulses. A solution to the problem of poverty, then, may increasingly become the concern of conservatives and moderates. They should work together, unencumbered by the oversimplifications and superstitions of the past and open to the findings of objective research like the Griffiths report. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

FRANK ROSE:

Remember When

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Crunch in England

On The Right

New York, Jan. 18—When times get really difficult in England, two things typically happen. One set of people talks about how bad things really are. And another set writes about how prettily the nightingales are singing. Thus it was, for instance, in World War II, when the lights went out but permitted us to appreciate the distinctive whiteness of the cliffs of Dover. So it is today, when England—no kidding—teeters on the brink of the greatest parliamentary crisis since the general strike of the Twenties. And poetic England responds . . .

". . . Nature has provided us with a succession of green dawns," writes the novelist Margaret Drabble from London for the *New York Times*. "There has been an enormous moon gazing out of a silver sky, surrounded by stars the size of those in a nativity painting. One doesn't notice them so well, perhaps, when the street lighting is more powerful. The lights may have gone out on Oxford Street, but Oxford Street is horrible at the best of times, and elsewhere it is the brightest winter ever."

And Patrick Cosgrave, writing in the *Spectator*, talks quite seriously about the possibility of a military coup in England. In England! The Mother of Parliaments! The home of the Glorious Revolution of 1688! It is, one would think, inconceivable, and Mr. Cosgrave is fidgety at the mere mention of the possibility, even as would be, let us say, a reporter for *Osservatore Romano* discussing the prospect of the Pope's resignation in order to marry. But Cosgrave is finally unflinching and leans where he can on other authority. "That brilliant historian Mr. Alistair Horne," he writes, "has drawn disturbing parallels between the Chilean experience and the likely development of our own. But we can hardly believe it would happen here. Well: could it? The answer is, yes, of course."

Here is what especially qualifies England these days for a collapse of Parliament.

1. The political leaders are not trusted. Mr. Heath went to power promising genuine reforms, most particularly an effective set of laws governing the trade unions, whose antinomianism had become a national scandal not unrelated to Mr. Wilson's looming impotence in the last months of his tenure. The laws were more or less passed. Then the unions, like the students in America during the wild Sixties, nudged up against authority to learn whether there was anything there really to stop them. There wasn't. The unions twice brought Heath to his knees. The public, though restive, was not mutinous. It did not demand exemplary action aimed at bringing the unions to heel.

2. The gulf between official rhetoric and public reality grows. For all that everyone in England takes vows to parliamentary supremacy, increasingly Parliament is circumvented. Heath does it with his European policies and his Pay Board; Wilson condones riotous Labor opposition; and the Liberal, Jeremy Thorpe, experiments with reforms which would simply destroy Parliament. What Mr. Cosgrave calls the "spider's web of consensus" is threatening to collapse. If public officials do not follow the Constitution (I transpose an American formulation), why should others do so?

3. Others, in this case, is most specifically the British military. Here is an important point: the British military is at this moment totally professional. There are no conscripts there, to side with "the people" or to defy orders the parliamentary provenance of which is in dispute. Moreover, in times of great national stress, the military tends to be, as Cosgrave puts it, "the final repository of patriotism, though it is usually a simple, sometimes a narrow, and occasionally an embittered patriotism." And this is an army that has experienced its own Algeria—in Northern Ireland, where it got its stomach full not only of terrorist lead, but of political rhetoric. What might trigger it to act?

4. There are even now tanks surrounding Heathrow Airport. There is talk of widespread urban guerrilla warfare. There is talk that no general election would be called largely because it wouldn't settle anything. If the Conservatives were voted back in, they would move from impotence to impotence. Labor would only go back in on the shoulders of a revolutionary mandate the British aren't going to give. Therefore?

The international consequences of such an event would probably prove as drastic as the French Revolution. I suppose one should be grateful that at least it would end the bickering between Congress and the President. □

TALKING BACK TO QADDAFI

New York, Jan. 12—Two Italian humorists write regularly for a journal called *La Stampa*. *La Stampa* is edited by a Mr. Levi, who is Jewish. *La Stampa* is owned by the Fiat Motor Company. Libya is owned by one Muammar el-Qaddafi.

A while ago, *La Stampa* published a routine piece by its humorists. This time around, in the manner of Art Buchwald, there is a fictitious sketch on President Qaddafi, who is a fanatical Moslem, an ascetic of fun-shrinking ferocity, and an ardent anti-Israeli. The article included the following lines:

"It seems that Qaddafi really is a creature of the CIA. He doesn't move a finger without asking their authorization. A religious fanatic? Don't believe it. It seems that when he was Marshal Tito's guest, he ate an entire boar alone. And it seems he has an ulcer, it seems that he is a homosexual, that he sleeps on a mattress of tobacco leaves, and that he keeps a harem of 48 wives in Switzerland."

Unfortunately, President Qaddafi reads Italian. This is so, probably, because the Italians owned Libya, until relatively recently. President Qaddafi read the article in *La Stampa*. To say he was not amused is not to convey the quality of his wrath. There was quite serious talk about suspending diplomatic relations with Italy. But in the flush of the recent oil diplomacy, it was quickly recognized that it doesn't greatly hurt Italy to struggle along for a while without a Libyan ambassador. But it hurts greatly to struggle along without Libyan oil, which is a major source of Italian energy.

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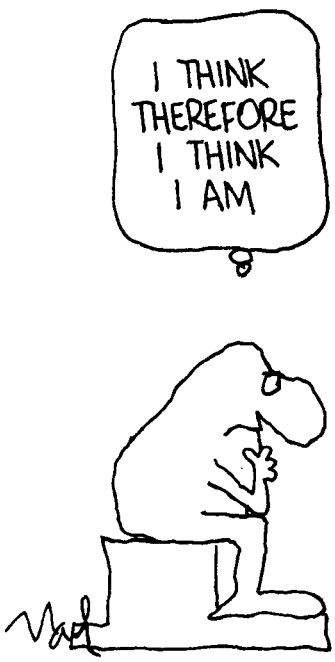
Accordingly, a thing called the Arab Boycott Committee was convened. It requested Fiat to dismiss the authors of the article and also the managing editor. The managing editor is not only responsible for publishing the little satire. He is also responsible for having fought as a volunteer with the Jewish army in 1947 against the Arabs. The Fiat people have made no commitment to fire either the managing editor or the humorists. So, in Beirut, they are talking about blacklisting Fiat throughout the Arab world. And, who knows, diminishing still further Italy's current quota of oil.

Really, one yearns, along with Professor Irving Kristol, for the uses of gunboat diplomacy. It would be unfortunate to have to pull out the Navy to defend two Italians' rights to make poor jokes. But if the ultimatum had come from Ahmed Takudar, directing the relevant Medici to forbid Dante from continuing the *Divine Comedy* on the grounds that he was giving Christians, not Moslems, the big parts, one could not react differently. It is a fiendish instrument of blackmail the Arabs have developed. And as with other forms of blackmail there is, of course, no strategically sounder remedy than: to refuse to put up with it.

Writing a few weeks ago in the *New York Times*, the sage of Princeton, Mr. George Kennan, made a wonderfully aristocratic suggestion. What he said was that when the Arabs do make their oil available again, we should, with great dignity, announce that we would not buy any more Arab oil beyond that which came in during the boycott. There is noble precedent for this kind of thing: like the Negro who, having forced the Admission Committee to accept him, disdains to enter the club. But it is of course a little more difficult with oil. Mr. Kennan's prescription is in the imperial manner of Marie Antoinette, except that where hers was flighty and even voluptuarian (stuff yourself on cake), Kennan's is ascetic (don't use oil).



It is increasingly clear that this simply will not do. The time has come for Europe to take the lead: by boycotting all Arab states that deny cash and carry customers their oil. □

TRAVEL NOTES AT XMAS

New York, Jan. 10—It being the season to be jolly, one forces one's thoughts away from the world of getting and spending and plea-bargaining. And this means, as usual, traveling, concerning which a few recent notes.

There is a gentleman attached to the Metroliner train who, if his name were known, would fill any cars he serviced, booked years in advance. He was on duty this morning, on the train from Washington to New York, with stops at Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia 30th Street Station—"the only stop we make in Philadelphia, ladies and gentlemen, so take advantage of it—I mean, if you want to go to Philadelphia"—Newark, and New York. On the whole, one wants to watch out for the ho-ho-hearty types, for instance, the occasional airline captain who is a frustrated geologist and will not take you from Los Angeles to New York without instructing you on the glacial ages and their impact on the geography of America. But the Metroliner conductor, who is W. C. Fields, aged about 45, is irresistible. "Please leave the car from the rear, if that is convenient." *If that is convenient!* To hear such words from someone connected with the railroad is, as the kids used to say during the late unpleasantness, mind-blowing.

When he takes your ticket, he thanks you heartily, and wonders whether your seat is tilted back at a satisfactory angle? "Here, try it at this angle—it's my favorite, and maybe it will appeal to you." He appeals to me, and who knows, maybe he is that way because he read about the new bill in Congress that would pump at least $4 billion into the railroads. But I suspect he was born happy, and nonbureaucratic-minded, and I would put him in charge of a great big school, wherein the dramatic story would unfold over the course of the semester about good nature triumphing over technology and the bureaucracy.

The bureaucracy. I have had, surely, the ultimate encounter with it. So I am flying to New Orleans and am offered at lunch a wine which must be from the same vineyard Professor Hugh Kenner drank from during his honeymoon. His description of it is graven in my memory. "It was a New York State Rosé, which tasted as if a few drops of Coca-Cola had been mixed with old battery acid."

But that night the manager of the hotel was so thoughtful as to provide me and my wife with a plateful of cheese and crackers and a half bottle of sound-looking St. Emilion. This we did not consume, and I thought to put it into my briefcase. And sure enough, returning to New York, the smiling stewardess offered us another draught of Professor Kenner's potion. Triumphantly, I produced my half bottle of St. Emilion and asked her please would she let me have the use of her corkscrew. She paused, then, sadly, shook her head. "We can only let you drink, according to the regulations, our own beverages." "Very well," I said brightly, "I will present Delta with this bottle, so it will be yours." She was puzzled. "I'm sorry, sir, but we are not allowed to accept gratuities."

I THOUGHT to tell her about Abraham Lincoln, but I was discouraged. It was a receiving line, in the White House, and a bumptious lady plunked a huge bundle of flowers in the President's hands, causing instant social paralysis. "Are these really mine?" he smiled ingenuously at her. "Yes!" she whinnied. "In that case," he said grandly, "I can think of nothing I'd rather do than present them to you."

Ah well, the stewardess was very charming, and in the Watergate age, one doesn't want to break the rules. What would the Special Prosecutor say, if she had accepted the bottle for the purpose of opening it and serving it to me? She would not have been living up to the Spirit of the Law.

And this morning at 8:00, before my encounter with the euphoric conductor, the telephone rang. "This is Allegheny Airlines. The flight you were going to take to New York at 9:10 has been canceled because of a problem with the equipment. We have you on a flight at 12:30 if that's not too late." I thanked her. Much more perfunctorily than I was disposed to do. I was disposed to tell her that I and the whole American public loved her for her thoughtfulness and consideration, and that I would never criticize Allegheny ever, for anything. And then, of course, it was on account of her that I met Santa Claus on Amtrak. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A dog that likes Army food — 4 43 97 193 183 99 157 129 1

B. What a gangster's relict might be called — 42 131 64 162 77 55 100 178 71

C. For many years the world's tallest building — 46 72 199 65 209 218 122 222 74

D. Onetime baseball statistician — 59 113 207 158 141

E. Disgraceful — 66 152 12 56 180 219 24 117

F. Town near Los Angeles — 81 19 73 164 153 169 175

G. Abundant — 118 185 32 20 57 2 91 49 174

H. A county in South Dakota — 124 25 186 109 101 16 3

I. Subjected to order or uniformity — 135 15 26 125 48 78 86 96 102 130

J. These are used in a game that has no defense — 146 205 33 92 120 75 198 201 21

K. Ethelred the Unready's son-in-law — 155 5 29 51 90 84 17

L. Reverberate — 83 147 6 93 134 140 154

M. How the animals entered the Ark — 89 60 121 143 202 217 114 133

N. The symbol of Russian Communism — 104 44 108 127 47 94 115 123 136 150 / 151 182 203 220 119

O. Town in the Netherlands, near Breda — 137 76 103 160 188

P. A mayor of New York City and governor of New York — 192 177 58 149 13 28 37 63 105 126 / 159 82 166

Q. Nickname of Frank N. Doubleday — 194 35 138 22 106 52 165

R. July in the Julian Calendar — 18 128 132 45 14 184 40 204 208 210

S. SOFT NOSE — 27 179 148 7 36 53 212 110

T. A poisonous alkaloid named for a French diplomat — 41 8 79 61 111 196 200 142

U. A town in Maine — 50 67 9 54 30 168 107 80 161

V. The edible root of the taro — 68 95 98 31

W. St. Gregory of Nyssa's brother — 176 85 216 213 197

X. Injudicious — 181 10 172 215 170 211

Y. First white settler in Iowa — 34 144 23 38 156 62 139

Z. The start of a race — 167 187 69 221 206 190 116

a. A nation the Liberals shed few tears over — 171 39 163 11 87 173 112

b. Describing an automobile with more than one color — 189 195 70 214 88 191 223 145

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 156 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 G	3 H	4 A	5 K	6 L	7 S	8 T	9 U	10 X		11 a	12 E		13 P	14 R	15 I		16 H	17 K
18 R	19 F	20 G	21 J	22 Q		23 Y	24 E	25 H	26 I	27 S	28 P		29 K	30 U	31 V	32 G	33 J	34 Y	
35 Q	36 S	37 P	38 Y	39 a		40 R	41 T		42 B	43 A	44 N	45 R		46 C	47 N		48 I	49 G	50 U
51 K		52 Q	53 S		54 U	55 B	56 E	57 G		58 P	59 D		60 M	61 T	62 Y	63 P	64 B		65 C
66 E	67 U	68 V		69 Z	70 b		71 B	72 C		73 F	74 C	75 J	76 O		77 B	78 I		79 T	80 U
81 F		82 P	83 L		84 K	85 W	86 I	87 a	88 b	89 M		90 K	91 G	92 J	93 L	94 N	95 V		96 I
97 A		98 V	99 A		100B	101H	102I		103O	104N	105P	106O	107U		108N	109H	110S	111T	
112a	113D	114M	115N	116Z	117E		118G	119N		120J	121M	122C	123N	124H		125I	126P		127N
128R	129A	130I		131B	132R		133M	134L	135I		136N	137O	138Q	139Y	140L	141D	142T		143M
144Y	145b	146J	147L	148S		149P	150N		151N	152E	153F	154L	155K	156Y	157A	158D	159P	160O	
161U	162B	163a	164F	165Q	166P	167Z		168U	169F	170X	171a		172X	173a	174G	175F		176W	177P
	178B	179S		180E	181X	182N	183A		184R	185G	186H	187Z	188O	189b		190Z	191b	192P	
193A	194O		195b	196T	197W	198J		199C	200T	201J	202M		203N	204R	205J	206Z		207D	208R
	209C	210R	211X	212S		213W	214b		215X	216W		217M	218C	219E		220N	221Z	222C	223b

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